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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 164.—Vol. XIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 23, 1907 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

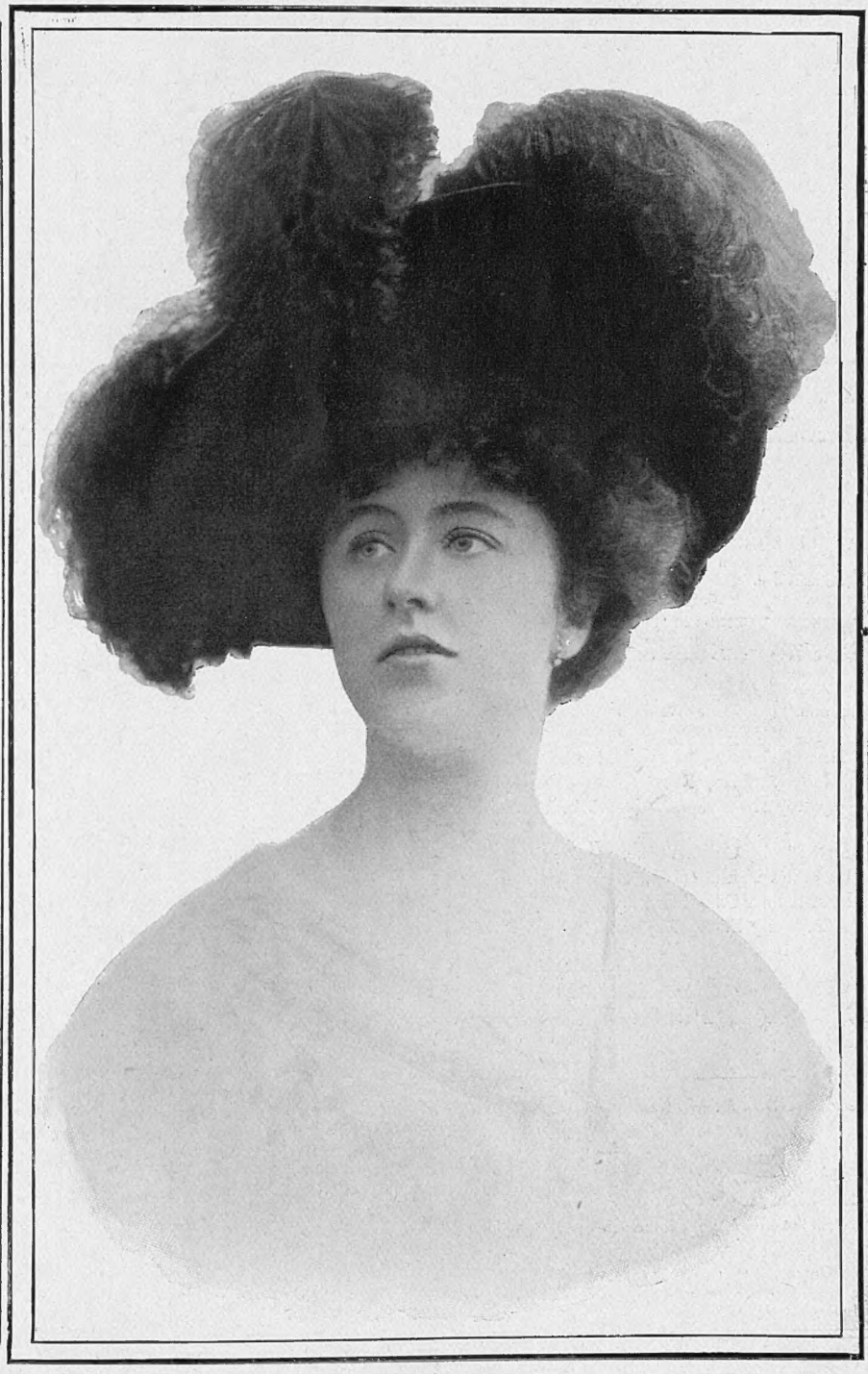

Photo *Lallie Charles*

MISS EUGENIE DUDLEY WARD

Whose engagement to Captain Godfrey Faussett, Equerry to the Prince of Wales, is announced. She is a niece (on her mother's side) of the present Lord Esher, and the daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Dudley Ward

No. 164.—Vol. XIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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Bystander Comments

After the elections are over, the Kaiser will, it is expected, be badly in need of a little amusement. Hence the gratification with which the German Court has greeted the news of Mr. Tree's intention, while in Berlin, to play *Hamlet*.

* * *

Rarely has our favourite morning ha'porth done itself more proudly than over the Jamaica earthquake. On the morrow of the calamity it managed to print not only the actual facts, but also some messages about it from New York.

* * *

Writing on "Drama at Yildiz Kiosk," a contemporary tells us that "the Sultan of Turkey wants a great actor never to leave the stage, whether it be his part to remain there or not." He ought to like Mr. G. Grossmith, Jun.

* * *

The latest invention is paper blankets. We understand that they are to form part of the equipment of Mr. Haldane's paper army.

* * *

The Independent Labour Party in the L.C.C. are anxious to take over the London Docks at a cost of £30,000,000. They consider that the present winter accommodation for the L.C.C. fleet of steamboats is ridiculously inadequate.

* * *

"Wagner opera," remarks *M.A.P.'s* "Society Butterfly," "holds the stage at Covent Garden, and everyone is going to plays and pantomimes." Dear, dear! Surely just one or two have had the decency to turn up and listen to poor Richard's tunes?

* * *

Only certain topics are permitted for discussion among the natives at Tangier just now—politics being absolutely barred by law. The Moors, however, have little difficulty in conveying their opinions to each other. The following is an English translation of a code in regular use :—

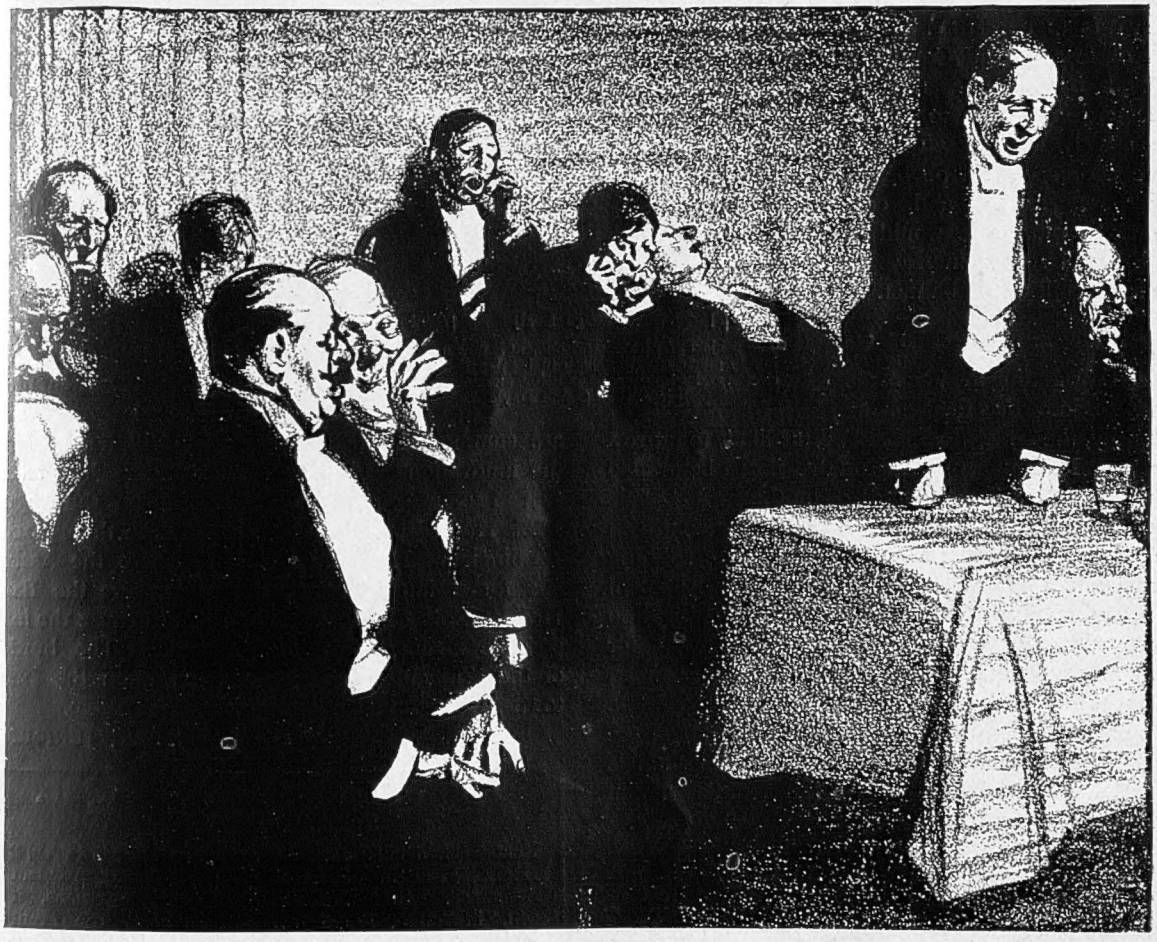
This is a fine day = The Sultan is a bounder.

And this is a fine day = Raisuli is an outsider.

Yes, this is a fine day = The Basha is going to bash Raisuli.

Now, this is a fine day = Raisuli is going to bash the Basha.

And so on, indefinitely. It is thus possible to convey the subtlest of political ideas without arousing the suspicion of the police.



THE AFTER-DINNER SPEAKER: A STUDY IN EXPRESSIONS

BY SPENSER PRYSE

Those Arrears Again

Once more the New Year has opened with a terrible mass of arrears in the Common Law Courts, which are mainly to be accounted for by two admirable reforms; commercial cases are given a speedy trial, and have, consequently, greatly multiplied, and appeals from County Courts and magistrates are now heard before three judges instead of two. But the private litigant goes to the wall, and is likely to stay there until at least two more judges are appointed. The Treasury appear to think that the nation cannot afford the extra salaries, but this is surely a mistake, for at present the Judicature is practically self-supporting—that is to say, the fees paid by litigants are enough to defray the salaries of the judges and other officials. Every barrister knows that the longer an action waits for trial, the more likely it is to be settled, to the loss of fees by the Court—as well as by himself. If there were enough judges to ensure the speedy trial of all cases, more actions would be begun and fewer settled, and, consequently, more fees would be paid. And so the increase in the salary bill would be met.

Photo] **Mr. George Edalji** [*Park*

The subject of whose imprisonment is now occupying so much attention both in legal and general circles, and whose cause is being championed by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

The Passing of the Street Bookie

Notwithstanding the jeremiads of what is known as the sporting fraternity, the Street Betting Act seems likely to prove a success. Its opponents contend that it can be evaded either by betting "on the nod" or by the street bookie meeting his customers in a shop by arrangement with the proprietor, so that the last state of the sporting workman will be worse than the first. But neither of these arguments will hold water. A bookmaker who betted with the working classes otherwise than for ready money would soon find himself in queer street, for most of his customers would manage to evade payment of their losses; while one who adopted the other method would speedily discover that a shop is "a place within the meaning of the Act," *i.e.* the earlier Act, better known as the Betting House Act.

The Question of the Hour

The revival of the Edalji question by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is specially interesting to lawyers. Opinions in the four Inns are by no means unanimously in favour of Sir Arthur's argument; but all would welcome the reopening of the case—first, in order to put an end to the controversy one way or the other; and, secondly, to prevent the possibility of such a case ever being tried in the future at country Quarter Sessions.

John Bull's Fondness for the Law

Seeing that the success of a newspaper depends, to a large extent, upon its ability to give the greatest prominence to those topics which most interest its readers, it may, perhaps, be worth noting that, in a recent issue of one of the London dailies, four out of the six leading articles were concerned with legal subjects.

The "Long" and Short of It

The alteration in the date of the Long Vacation will be an unmixed blessing to nine barristers out of ten, but there is a good deal to be said against it, and the judges were by no means unanimous in its favour. Except in years when Easter falls very early, Assizes will have to be held in Whitsun week, and however the Circuit dates may be arranged, many prisoners will have to wait twelve days longer for trial, though, no doubt, others will be correspondingly benefited. The jurymen and witnesses who are summoned on Whit Monday will hardly bless the innovation. It is true that under the present system some Assize Courts are sitting on the August Bank Holiday; but this only happens in three places, Birmingham, Leeds, and Cardiff, where the Assizes last for a fortnight or more, and where the Bank Holiday work can be arranged so as to cause the least possible inconvenience to the public. The burden of the Whitsuntide sittings will fall upon the small towns, where no such arrangement is possible.

BUZFUZ, JUNIOR.

OUR ACCIDENT ASSURANCE.

Special Notice.

Next week details will be given of an **IMPORTANT INCREASE** in the scope of our £2,000 Accident Assurance. In addition to its present provisions, it will, in future, insure the subscriber in the event of **ACCIDENTS BY SEA** — thus making THE BYSTANDER'S Assurance Policy the widest in scope of any periodical.

The Topictator

(4) Pd.

The West Indian Earthquake

From Stereographs Copyright

The old Parish Church, Kingston

Destroyed by the earthquake. It was the most interesting building in the city, being the burial-place of Benbow, the "old sea dog." Other churches of all sects have suffered equally with that of the "Establishment"

H. C. White Co., London

King's House, Kingston

The residence of the Governor, Sir A. Swettenham, in the garden of which he and his family are now encamped. On the left are the spacious ball-rooms, at which the pick of Jamaican Society was wont to assemble

General map of the City of Kingston

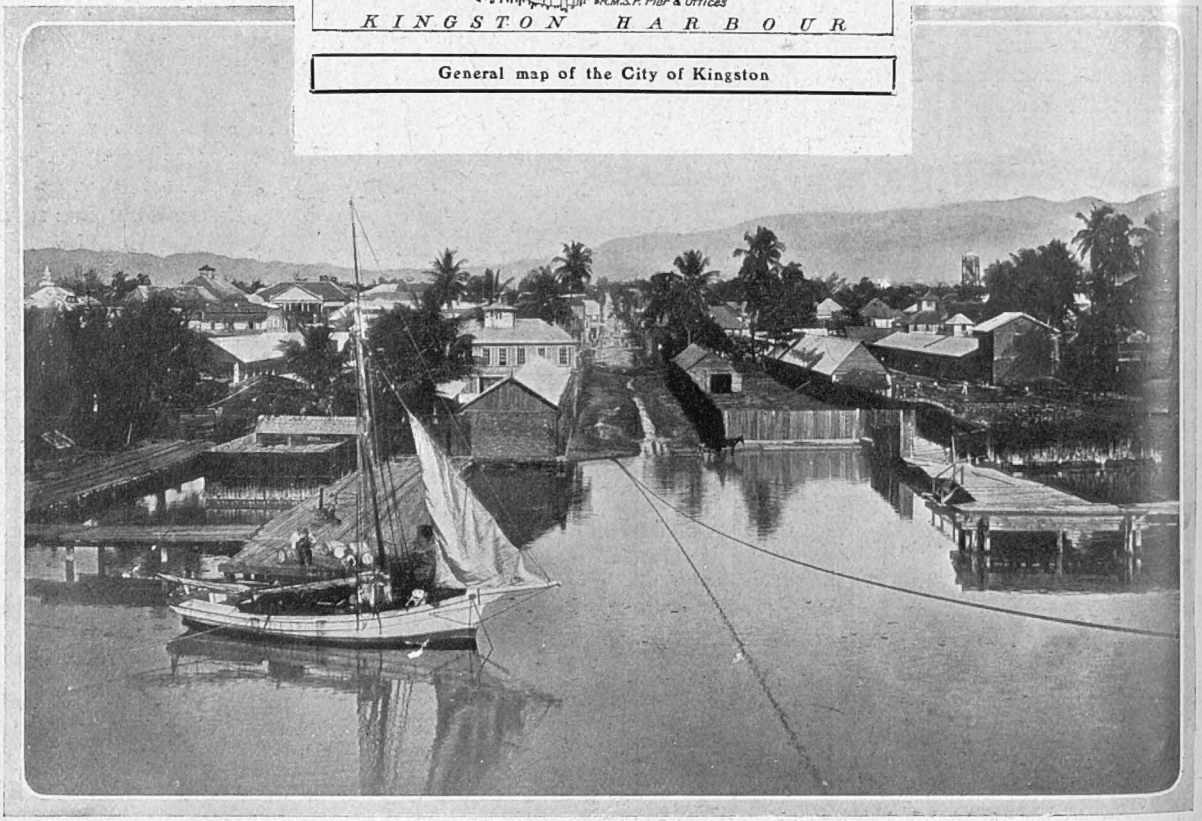


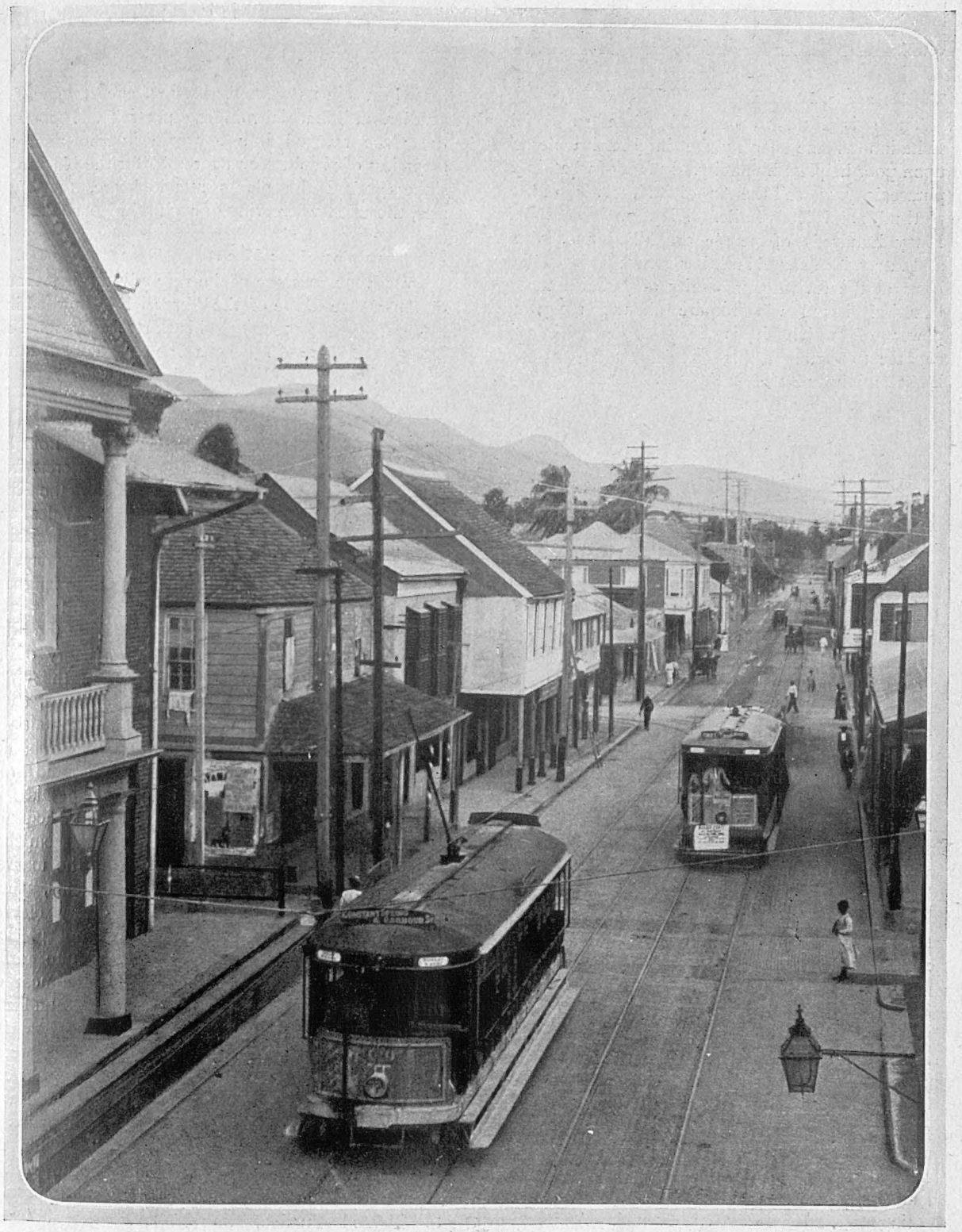
Photo *Valentine*

Kingston Harbour, the bottom of which has been entirely altered by the earthquake, to the great danger of shipping

Jamaica's capital has, like San Francisco and Valparaiso, been very seriously damaged by earthquake. Its principal public buildings are destroyed, and the estimate of killed is 1,700, while thousands have been injured or rendered homeless. The level of the harbour has sunk, and pessimists fear that the city is doomed to the awful fate of Port Royal (the previous capital), which, after a similar earthquake, sank into the sea. The situation has been complicated by untoward friction between Sir Alexander Swettenham, the Governor, and Admiral Davis, of the U.S. Navy, by which the latter has been compelled to withdraw his proffered aid to the ruined city

"A New York of Doll's Houses"

JAMAICA'S DEVASTATED CAPITAL AS IT WAS BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE



From Stereograph Copyright *H. C. White Co., London*

Harbour Street, Kingston, looking East, showing the Colonial Treasury building on the left

"The town of Kingston is made up of mean streets, crammed with little bungalow houses, filled to overflowing with people coloured in all the shades of black and yellow. If the place resembles any well-known capital, it must be New York; but a New York built by children in doll's-house style, and painted green and white. In the manner of New York, the streets stretch to the wharves and quays of the giant harbour, and electric tram-cars clang along the busy roads by day and night."—From Mr. John Henderson's book, "Jamaica," published this week by Messrs. A. and C. Black.

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Horror in Jamaica

There is little to be said when so awful a visitation as the earthquake in Jamaica descends upon poor helpless humanity. In face of what, in legal phraseology, we call the Act of God, words are barren platitudes and deeds futile. Kingston is annihilated. Many hundreds of people are killed and injured; and fate, with heavy hand, has struck so appalling a blow at the reviving prosperity of Jamaica that the beautiful island will require all the recuperative power of which it is capable to surmount this latest and heaviest of its calamities. "As you swing out of the city (Kingston) on a tram, the scent of half the flowers in the world crushes out the musty odour of crowded alleys, always stewing beneath a tropical sun," writes Mr. John Henderson in his lately published book on Jamaica. "By this car you run out into the sweetness of the most beautiful country in the world . . . to see a high range of purple mountains, fronted by heavy fields of banana trees and towering pines, and brilliant flowers of every tint and shade and shape . . ." That was yesterday. To-day, Kingston and the country for miles around lies blackened and devastated.

* * *

What Follows Earthquake

The actual shock of an earthquake and the direct results to the place attacked are, as San Francisco proved, but the least of the evils suffered by the populace. It is the indirect rather than the direct consequences which inflict the most widespread misery and distress. In Kingston, as in 'Frisco, fires raged mercilessly, thousands of people were rendered homeless, starvation, and its inevitable concomitants, looting and hooliganism, supervened. And one evil effect which is peculiar to a city like Kingston, but which is not quite so obvious to the general mind, is that the drainage being of a crude and unsatisfactory nature, an epidemic of typhoid or diphtheria is by no means unlikely. Earthquake, it would seem, is Nature's surest, safest, and most economical method of inflicting punishment on those against whom she has a grudge—for it brings in its wake plague, pestilence, famine, fire, murder, and financial ruin, at one stroke. It converts the place ravaged into a worse inferno than the gloomiest of prophets ever foretold for the blackest of sinners. And the places attacked are, too often, alas, those least deserving of such a hideous fate.

A Royal lecturer and a Royal audience

The King and the Prince of Wales at the lecture given by the Duke of the Abruzzi, at the Queen's Hall, on his ascent of the Ruwenzori Mountains

(From a Sketch made at Queen's Hall by M. Duncan)

* * *

The Mountains of the Moon

An adventurous son of the very adventurous House of Savoy, the Duke of the Abruzzi has crowded into his thirty-four years of life a fine record of adventure and service. By profession a sailor, he is by nature an explorer. As yet, the North Pole has withheld her secrets from him; but before the King, the Prince of Wales, and the Royal Geographical Society, the other day, the Duke related, in language as graceful and as academic as that of the King himself, the story of his exploration of the virgin Ruwenzori Range, those mysterious Mountains of the Moon which baffled the Pharaohs and from which the Nile takes its source. On close acquaintance, it would seem that, like most of the marvels of the ancients, there is nothing very marvellous about them after all. They are not particularly lofty, and are inaccessible and remote rather than mysterious and marvellous. Lying almost on the line of the Equator, they rise far above the limits of eternal snow, and, in burning Africa, possess that cool beauty and gorgeous atmospheric effect which only vast glaciers and snow-clad, sun-tipped peaks can produce. It is, therefore, to the Royal House of Italy to which the dwellers in the heated plains of Central Africa may one day be indebted for the discovery of what may very probably be the Health Resort of Africa. The Duke is, of course, the son of the ill-fated Amadeo, King of Spain, who abdicated that troublesome throne in 1890. Thus he is the grandson of Victor Emmanuel, the first King of Italy.

* * *

La Belle Dame, Sans Merci

There is, apparently, something in Ireland—that Moloch of political reputations—which appeals particularly to the man of letters of erudite habit. She

"Birrelution" for Ireland

SOME PARTICIPANTS IN THE NEW RÉGIME IN THE EMERALD ISLE

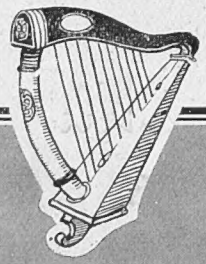


Photo *Lafayette*
Lord Grenfell
Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Forces

Photo *Lafayette*
Lady Grenfell
One of the leaders of Dublin Society

Photo *Haines*
The Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P.
The new Chief Secretary for Ireland

Photo *Lafayette*
Lord Dudley
Who has declared himself in favour of Home Rule

Social Doings in Ireland

is the candle, the flame which attracts irresistibly such literary moths as Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, and Mr. Birrell, and her fascinations are comparable only with her mysterious dangers. The appointment of Mr. Birrell as Irish Chief Secretary, even apart from the approval extended to the choice by Irishmen and Liberals, has much to recommend it. Ireland stands at the parting of the ways. A Bill for her better government is soon to be introduced. Its pilotage promises to be fraught with difficulties even more numerous than those which accompanied the progress of the Education Bill through the Commons last year. Therefore, things being as they are, it would seem that the prospects of "the distressful country" are as safe in Mr. Birrell's hands as they possibly could be. He has industry. He displays courage, tolerance, and an exceptional breadth of view, combined with a graceful humour, and, above all, sincerity, qualities indispensable in an Irish Chief Secretary.

* * *

A Home-Rule Conservative

The prominence into which the West Indian earthquake has brought Lord Dudley may serve to justify a few remarks as to his political position, whereby he has now definitely proclaimed himself in sympathy with the present Government as regards Ireland and the Irish. It is now two years since Lord Dudley announced in a speech that, so entirely had his views on the government of Ireland changed, he would take the earliest opportunity of dropping out of the Unionist ranks. The statement at the time, of course, seemed hopelessly out of keeping with his position as Viceroy, even remembering his propitiatory attitude towards the Irish. In the famous MacDonnell controversy he stood convicted of trying to govern Ireland "according to Irish ideas," and the correspondence between the Earl and Sir Edward Carson on the subject was, to say the least of it, of the barbed-shaft description. He held the post of Irish Viceroy up to a year ago, and, after the Liberal victory, was given, by the Government to which he now, I suppose (unless he really is, like Lord Dunraven and Mr. Wilfred Blunt, a Conservative Home Ruler), swears allegiance, the post of Congested Districts Commissioner. Lady Dudley, formerly Miss Rachel Gurney, is a charming lady, who did the honours of the Castle with exceptional grace and ability.

* * *

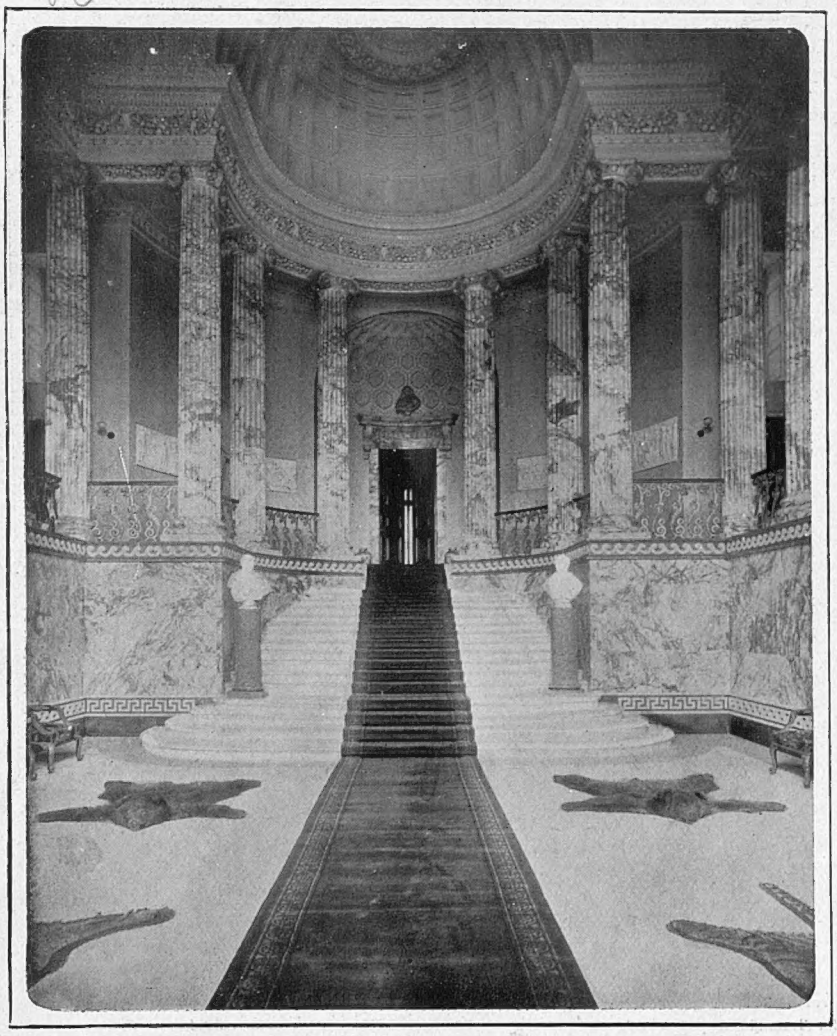


Photo *Ralph*

The magnificent marble hall at Holkham, the Earl of Leicester's Norfolk seat

Though the exterior of Holkham is by no means beautiful, the fact is amply atoned for by its splendid interior. The Earl of Leicester has been Lord-Lieutenant of Norfolk for over sixty years, and has established a most successful model village at Holkham

Social Ireland

Socially, as well as politically, Ireland looks forward to a brilliant season. Next week, Lord and Lady Aberdeen hold their first *levée* in Dublin, and on the same night that very popular host and hostess, Lord and Lady Grenfell, give a ball at the Royal Hospital. Lady Grenfell's balls are everything that is delightful. A born hostess, as the Irish say, Lady Grenfell's graceful manner, clever conversation, and never-failing hospitality make her one of the most popular people in Dublin. Her drawing-room at the Hospital, with its beautiful old chintzes and its interesting collection of articles of "bigotry and virtue" of the Napoleonic period, is a *salon* where attendance is a joy for ever, and for the fleet of foot the hall is a perfect ball-room. It was the genial Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Ireland, by the way, who opened the recent very successful Irish Motor Show at Ball's Bridge, and Lord and Lady Grenfell have since then been entertaining a final shooting party at Rockingham, County Roscommon. Lady Aberdeen is again proving her well-known sympathy with things Irish

Lord Leicester and His Family

by giving a "Lace Ball" and a "Tweed Tea"; and this reminds me that her daughter, Lady Marjorie Sinclair, is working her hardest to get together a fund (contributed by Scotch men and women only) for presentation to the Prime Minister of a picture of himself. It is not yet decided who the painter shall be, but the coat, I understand, is to be cut entirely according to the cloth. So out with your bawbees, ye bonnie Scots!

* * *

The Earl of Leicester

Lord Leicester, whose third son by his second marriage, the Hon. John Spencer Coke, married Miss Dorothy Lawson, grand-daughter of the late Sir Henry de Bathe and Lord Burnham, last week, has, like his father, been twice married. He celebrated, a few weeks ago, his eighty-fourth birthday, and he is, probably, the most exceptional father on record, at any rate in the peerage, for though his eldest son, Viscount Coke, was born in 1848, his youngest son, the Hon. Lovel Coke, is only thirteen years old, and the uncle of the thirty-four-year-old Viscount Fincastle, and has, in the Dowager Lady Powerscourt, a half-sister of sixty-one! Lord Leicester married, first, a Miss Whitbread and, second, the Hon. Georgina Cavendish, a daughter of the second Lord Chesham, and he has had nineteen children, fifteen of whom survive.

Photo **A Venerable Peer: The Earl of Leicester** [*Ralph*

Who has lately celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. His son by his second marriage, the Hon. John Coke, was last week married to Miss Dorothy Lawson. He is the father of fifteen living children, whose ages range from sixty-one to thirteen

* * *

The First Earl

A hundred years, indeed, is as nothing in the Coke family. One of the aunts of the aforesaid little Lovel Coke was married one hundred and eleven years ago, and another, a sister of Lord Leicester, was already a widow in the year 1800. It is a good deal more than a hundred years ago since the first Lord Leicester's marriage. He was the father of the present peer, and, as Thomas Coke of Holkham, the great Norfolk Squire was, perhaps, the finest agriculturist of his day. He was not raised to the peerage until he was eighty-five, and he did not marry his second wife, the nineteen-year-old daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, until he was over seventy. He had no sons by his first wife, and tradition tells how, one day, he overheard his heir-presumptive, a nephew, making plans as to what he would do with the Coke estates when he got them. This annoyed the old gentleman. He immediately cast his eye around for a second wife, found her, and dispossessed the too-precipitant nephew by becoming the father of a large family of sons, including the present Earl of Leicester. As a Norfolk Squire, also, the present Earl has carried out his father's principles, agriculturally and maritally. His model village of Holkham — about two miles inland on the flat Norfolk coast—is one of the best in England. He has been Lord-Lieutenant of his county for over sixty years, and Keeper of the Prince of Wales's Privy Seal since 1870. Holkham itself is a vast and, from the exterior, by no means beautiful edifice, though the surrounding park is very fine. But inside it is quite magnificent, and large enough even for the enormous family parties which the aged Earl loves to assemble there. Most of his sons and daughters—amongst which latter are included the Countesses of Dartmouth, Lichfield, and Leitrim, Julia, Lady Powerscourt, and Lady Belper—have large families; so the latest addition thereto, Mrs. Jack Coke, will have no lack of relations to make up for the fact that she herself is an only daughter.

* * *

A Viscount in the City

The rumour that Viscount Howick, just returned from a honeymoon trip to South Africa, and a little

A Famous Polo Brotherhood

bitten perhaps by the craze for commercialism which rages over there, contemplates taking up a commercial career, reminds me that it was at the wedding of Lord and Lady Howick in June last that Mr. Chamberlain made one of his last public appearances. I was there, and remarked, as did many others, on the wonderfully youthful tread and vivid face of the man whose absence from the field of politics is so universally regretted. He wore on that occasion a very festive, white carnation, instead of the traditional orchid, and he also wore—a thing almost as rare—a smile. Mrs. Chamberlain, equally slim and equally alert, was in white, with a big osprey-covered hat. Neither Lord nor Lady Selborne could leave South Africa to attend their daughter's wedding, so their young son, Lord Wolmer, gave the much-veiled bride away, and the reception was held at the house of her aunt, Lady Salisbury. Lady Howick's second cousins are Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gerald Balfour, who also were present at the wedding, and her husband is, of course, the only son of Lord Grey, Governor-General of Canada, a nephew of Lord Minto, and great-grandson of that Lord Grey who was Prime Minister in the early part of last century. His mother, Lady Grey, is the sister of Captain Holford, for whom, at Dorchester House, now the American Embassy, she often played hostess in former days. She is very clever and artistic, and extremely musical. Lord and Lady Howick, since their return from South Africa, have been making a round of visits, Hatfield, as the guests of the Marquis and the Marchioness of Salisbury, and Blackamoor, Lord Selborne's place in Hampshire, being two of the most recent.

Photo *Lafayette*

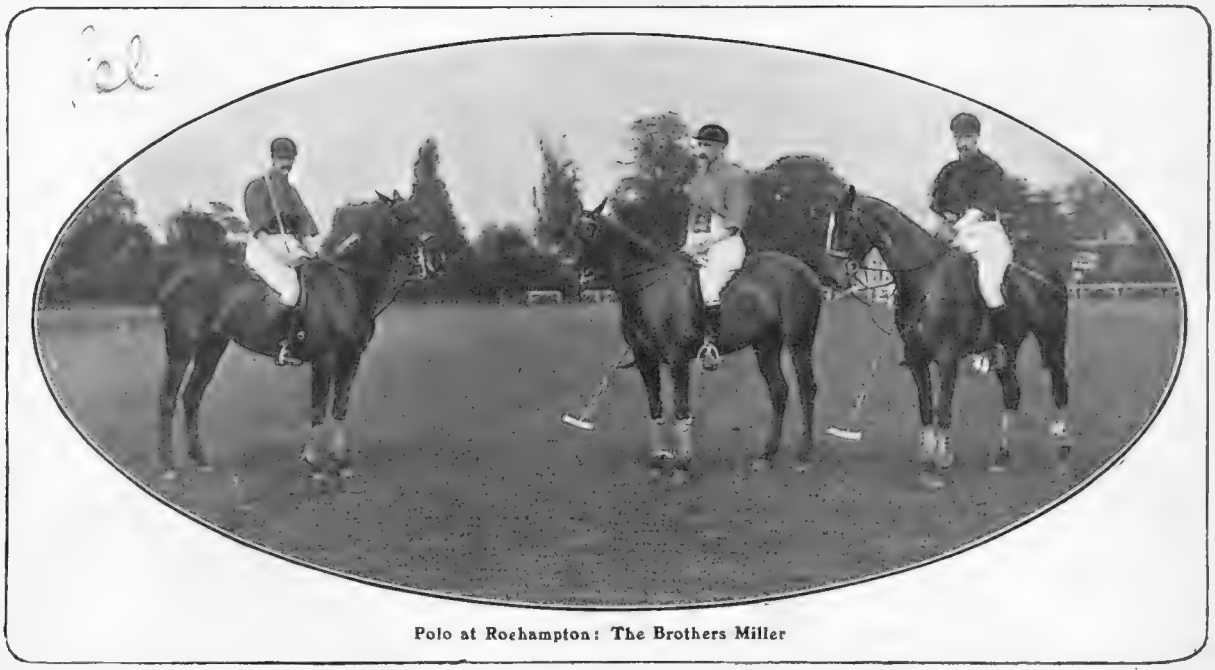
Lord Howick

The only son of Earl Grey, Governor of Canada, who has just returned from South Africa on a honeymoon visit to his father-in-law, Lord Selborne. It is umoured that he is thinking of adding yet another to the members of the aristocracy engaged in business

* * *

The Polo Season

One of the features of this year's polo season will be the visit of the Madrid team. This is the first time that a Spanish polo club has visited England, although they are well known at all the Continental tournaments. They are to be in England only a little over a month, but in that time no less than ten matches have been fixed up for them, one at Ranelagh, five at Hurlingham, and four at Roehampton, at which club they will meet their English opponents for the first time on May 29. At Roehampton, indeed, some of the most interesting functions of the season promise to take place, social as well as sportive. Captain Miller, that most popular of managers, has already issued a large programme of events, and, as usual, Roehampton will be the headquarters for practice of the officers of regiments stationed in London. It is universally acknowledged that the great strides in public favour which Roehampton has made during the past year or two are due to the able management of Captain E. D. Miller and his equally popular brothers. A



Polo at Roehampton: The Brothers Miller

The famous Brothers Miller, Mr. C. D. Miller (left), Mr. G. A. Miller (centre), and Captain E. D. Miller (right), who are the moving spirits in the Roehampton Polo Club, which will be the first rendezvous of the Madrid team on the occasion of their first visit to Britain in the Spring. The Brothers Miller have done much to increase the popularity of the Roehampton Club

Various Social Entertainments

first-class polo player, Captain Miller is pre-eminently suited for his post. Himself a Lancer (the 17th), he went to South Africa, where he got his D.S.O. as Brigade-Major for the Imperial Yeomanry, and he is married to a daughter of Colonel Langtry, of the 8th Hussars. He has published a text-book on Modern Polo, and, like the 'bus-driver on a holiday, plays and captains polo matches at his home in Rugby, as well as at the Roehampton Club, which he has so brilliantly developed.

* * *

A Supporter of the Romsey Pageant

The Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley, with whom Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, will stay on the occasion of the Romsey Pageant, has had an interesting career. The son of the "good" Lord Shaftesbury, a grandson of Lady Palmerston, and a nephew of the late Lord Mount Temple, from whom he inherited his Hampshire seat, "Broadlands," Mr. Ashley was for seven years private secretary to Lord Palmerston. The "Life of Lord Palmerston," of which he is the author, is looked upon as that statesman's standard biography, and the study and library which Lord Palmerston used at Broadlands are kept to this day exactly as he left them, for Mr. Ashley has an abiding veneration for his former chief. The house lies in the Valley of the Test and was bought from the St. Barbes family nearly two hundred years ago by Henry Temple, first Lord Palmerston. Mr. Ashley, who is over seventy, and who has lately undergone a severe illness, himself sat for many years in the House of Commons as Member first for Poole and then for the Isle of Wight. He is a Justice of the Peace for Dorset, Hants, and County Sligo, and he also holds the ancient office of Official Verderer of the New Forest. For ten years, he practised on the Oxford Circuit, and then became successively Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade and Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Right Hon. Evelyn Ashley

Who is entertaining the Duchess of Argyll for the Romsey Pageant

* * *

"Light Brigade Lucan"

Just as the name of Ashley is closely associated with high politics, so the name of Lucan is inseparably connected with soldiering. Lord Lucan, who is expecting a house-party at Laleham, his riverside residence, for the Windsor Ball on February 1, acted as A.D.C. to his father in the Crimea more than half a century ago. The late Lord Lucan commanded the British cavalry, and is for ever memorable as the man who sent his brother-in-law, Lord Cardigan, on that magnificent, if poorly generalled, quest which ended in what is known as the Charge of the Light Brigade, having himself, curiously enough, assisted the enemy, the Russians, against the Turks some thirty years before. The present Lord Lucan was a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Coldstreams before he was thirty. He represented Co. Mayo in Parliament for ten years, and at Castlebar, in that county, both he and his wife, who was a daughter of the first Duke of Richmond, are extremely popular. It was Lady Lucan who started the

Photo *Russell*

Lord Lucan

Photo *Lafayette*

Lady Lucan

Who are entertaining a house-party for the Windsor Ball on February 1 at their riverside seat at Laleham

Ice Society at Prince's

"Castlebar Industry," and by whose efforts so much employment has been found for the poor Irish peasant in the making of hand-made tweeds.

* * *

At Prince's

Prince's, for those who love skating and who cannot be at Davos, is still the most favoured resort in London. It has been called a club with a leaning towards toleration, for, as with the gambling clubs on the Continent, it is possible to "get there" by paying for it, although at Prince's, the would-be member must be fairly all right as well. This facile exclusiveness probably accounts for the fact that Prince's is the only skating club in London that has managed to succeed. Hengler's and Niagara both failed, and this in spite of the undoubted popularity of skating. The reason for their failure was, undoubtedly, that the "wrong people" got in, and so the others—the "right ones"—withdrew their patronage. A judicious mixing, in fact, seems to be the one thing necessary where the success of a skating club is concerned, and it takes a clever manager to mix up the right and the wrong until exactly the right flavour is reached. Of course, the advent of the Duchess of Bedford at a critical moment in the history of Prince's was a godsend to that club. Indoor skating and the opera may be said to be the only Town amusements in which her Grace indulges, and her constant entertaining and constant presence at Prince's have gone far to make the place the fashionable rendezvous it now is. Prince's, of course, has proved of the greatest service to the match-making mother, for countless marriages have been arranged within its kindly portals.

* * *

Some Engagements

Ireland, just now, seems determined, socially, politically, and matrimonially, to keep herself to the fore. After the wedding of Miss Lawson and Mr. Coke at the Guards' Chapel last week, one of the most interesting was the Irish one which took place at St. Stephen's Church, Kensington, when Miss Evelyn Leahy, the daughter of Mr. J. R. Leahy, of California and Killarney, was married to Major A. S. Cooper, of Killenure Castle, Co. Tipperary, while of Irish engagements there is no end. The Prince of Wales's equerry, Captain Godfrey Faussett, is engaged to Miss Eugénie Dudley Ward, a granddaughter of Mme. de Falbe and of the famous Lord Esher, Master of the Rolls; Lady Edith King-Tenison is to marry Captain O'Shee of the Leinster Regiment; and the future husband of Miss Eleanor Hicks-Beach, Lord St. Aldwyn's daughter, Captain Sir John Keane, is quartered in Dublin with his regiment, the Royal Horse Artillery. Sir John shares with Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., and one or two others, the distinction of having been called to the Bar, and he has also served as private secretary to Sir Henry Blake, Governor of Ceylon, and as A.D.C. to Lord Cadogan.

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Davos in London: Prince's Skating Rink, the winter resort of those members of Society who do not go "down South"

An Engagement and Some Weddings

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

The Hon. Eleanor Hicks-Beach

The eldest daughter of Lord St. Aldwyn, who is engaged to Sir John Keane

Photo *Poole*

Captain Sir John Keane, Bart., of Cappoquin, Co. Waterford

Whose engagement is announced to the Hon. Eleanor Hicks-Beach. He is A.D.C. to the Governor of Ceylon, Sir A. H. Blake

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Miss Dorothy Lawson

The daughter of the Hon. Harry Lawson and grand-daughter of Lord Burnham, who married the Hon. J. Coke, fifth son of the Earl of Leicester, at the Guards' Chapel last week. The wedding was very quiet, owing to the recent death of the bride's maternal grandfather, the late Sir Henry de Bathe

Photo *Langfier*

Miss Evelyn Leahy

Daughter of Mr. J. R. Leahy, of California and Killarney, and niece to Major-General Stokes, who is to marry, at St. Stephen's, South Kensington, to-day (Wednesday), Major A. S. Cooper, of Killenure Castle, Co. Tipperary

MATTERS MUSICAL

Real German Opera in London

Probably the most conceited thing ever said by mortal man of his own work was Richard Wagner's proclamation of his as "The Music of the Future." The passage of a generation has proved it to have been the truest. Listening to the superb performance of *Die Meistersinger*, with which the German Opera Season was opened on the 14th at Covent Garden, I could not but be amazed at the realisation that here was music written no more recently than forty years ago—music belonging to the despised Victorian era, the period at which flamboyant insincerity was at its height—and yet, to-day, it seemed still to be "music of the future." Not even now have the keenest ears among us found the entire depths of Wagner's marvellous score. One may know ever so well the strains of the Preislied, the pompous choruses of the Meistersingers, Hans Sachs's sonorous monologues, Beckmesser's pedantic foolings—yet, ever and anon, each time I hear *Die Meistersinger* there arises from the polyphony some hitherto hidden subtlety, some little fancy, or some obscure stave of the master-score I have never before noticed. And, above it all, how dignified, how exquisitely melodious, how *new* the whole thing seems! Now, even to-day, when, historically, Wagner is a "back-number," his music still tells us something fresh. Of all the huge audience which listened breathlessly on Monday week there was not a look of boredom or cynicism to be seen on a single face. It might have been *Die Meistersinger's* first performance in London.

But, in a way, it *was* the first real performance of the greatest of comic operas. Not within my memory has so all-round an excellence been attained. Not that the principals were, individually, so good as those of other days. Herr Kraus was far from an ideal Walther, to those who remember Jean de Reszke, Herr Feinhals had not the sonority of Van Rooy as Sachs, yet, as a whole, the performance was memorable. Everybody looked his part, and played his part. It was a real German interpretation of the most German of all Wagner's works. Herr Feinhals was a real Nürnberger Sachs; Frl. Bosetti was a real German Eva, clad in real German garb. She was not the conventional *prima donna*—save vocally, when she was *prima donna* indeed, and possessed of a voice of remarkable purity, combined with a simplicity of manner quite admirable. And as to the rest—the Meisters, Beckmesser, David, the apprentice, and the whole company—each one of them seemed to have shut his ears to operatic tradition and transported himself, heart and soul, to Nürnberg, A.D. 1550. The "street row" was better done than I have ever seen it; the Homage to Sachs, in the last scene, was sung with dignity and fine intonation.

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I do not, of course, wish to say anything detrimental to the Spring Season of Opera, but this German series, following rapidly on the late Italian season, must make the "grand" season look to its laurels, if it is to retain the esteem of London's critical music-lovers, who (thanks, no doubt, to the large German and Jewish element here) are very numerous indeed. The time has undoubtedly come when opera, if it is to survive as a great branch of histrionic art, must be freed, once for all, from the conventional trammels of the *prima donna* and the *bravura* tenor. Players must act as well as sing and look entrancing. In the Italian season, Mlle. Maria Gay gave us an acted Carmen; this season, Frl. Bosetti has given us an acted Eva, and we have seen an acted *Meistersinger*. A word, in conclusion, of congratulation to the young German conductor, Herr Reichwein, whose direction of the performance elicited loud applause and recalls.

V. C.

Photo *Northrop*

A great violinist to conduct a great opera

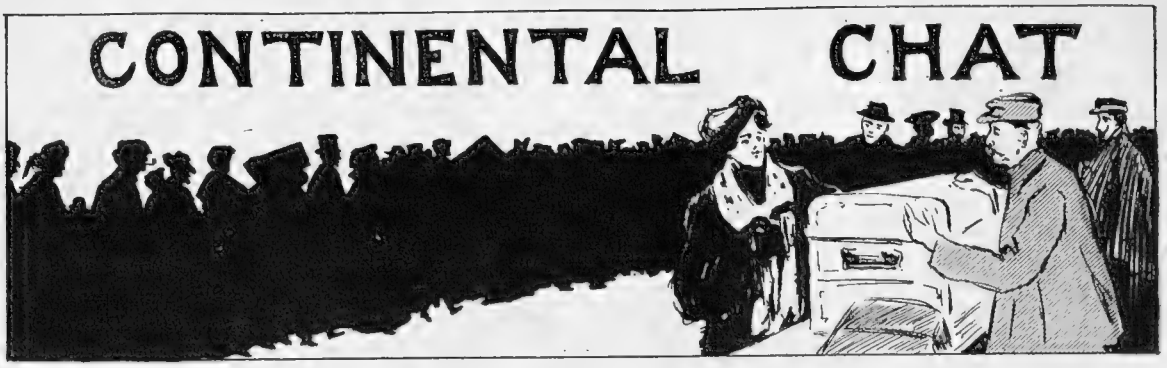
M. Eugène Ysaye, with his family, at Namur, Belgium. He is already known, not only as a violinist, but as a conductor of original ideas, particularly in the interpretation of Beethoven. On him will devolve the great task of directing the performance, at Covent Garden, soon, of the Bonn master's *Fidelio*. He then makes his *début* as an operatic conductor

A Leading Lady Violinist

Miss Marie Hall

The proceeds of whose concert on January 29 will be given, after defraying expenses, to the funds of the Simla Holiday Home for Women and Girls. Miss Hall has arranged a most interesting programme, and will play only pieces that have never been performed in London before. She sails for the United States at the end of February, and will be touring there, in Canada, and in Australia, until next October. Miss Hall is a pupil of Sevcik, and has the finest technique of any living lady violinist. In her early youth, she played in the streets of Newcastle-on-Tyne

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The Kaiser's Threatened Boycott of Berlin

The Kaiser's rumoured threat to boycott Berlin, should the constituency in which the Royal Palace stands return a Social Democrat candidate, is a little amusing to Berliners. That the war-lord should deign to consider so trivial a circumstance as the fact that his palace stands in any constituency at all is alone remarkable. Can one imagine King Edward being concerned as to the politics of the gentleman who represents the division of Westminster, in which Buckingham Palace is situated, or even having knowledge of his existence? The "kaiserly" attitude should surely have been a paraphrase of Louis XIV.'s remark, "*La Ville? C'est moi!*" Seeing that Berlin is the Imperial city, that it owes its very existence as a capital to the Hohenzollerns, and certainly owes its imposing streets, buildings, parks (*and* statues), to the imagination of the Imperial house, for a Hohenzollern to threaten to boycott it because of the politics of its citizens is like cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. After all, it would signify no special disrespect to the Kaiser if a Socialist were returned for the Imperial constituency. Like that of many another palace, its environment is not necessarily Royal. To the west of it, certainly, lie the "Linden," with its frontage of fine buildings, the Opera, the Rühmeshalle (Hall of Glory, and War-Museum), the Embassies, and the *monde élégant* of Berlin. To the east of it, however, lies a commercial and industrial district, as closely crowded with working-class residents as any in the city. Why, the southern frontage of the Palace faces shops and eating-houses as cheap in class as well could be. A meal for half a mark is to be indulged in the very shadow of the Königl. Schloss.

Photo *Kester*

Germany's Future Dictator? Herr Bebel

Should the German Elections result in the victory of the Social Democratic Party, Herr Bebel's position will become that of the leader of a peaceful Revolution

* * *

Life at Potsdam

Berlin, again, is not by any means primarily concerned with the business of being an Imperial capital. It would go on eating, and drinking, and attending the Opera, and generally amusing itself, if the Kaiser never set foot again in its precincts. The punishment, however, to which the Kaiser would subject himself if he transferred himself to Potsdam would far surpass any that was suffered by his capital's citizens. Potsdam is, indeed, a penitentiary of a place. It has a vista of abandoned palaces and tombs, of expansive parks of tall and doleful pines, of dreary-looking lakes, surrounded by wild forests near, and illimitable sand-plains beyond. The Kaiser might amuse himself there, but in somewhat doleful fashion for one of his tastes and love of crowded life. Tombs of his Imperial ancestors, of course, abound, and statues in their commemoration. In the Garrison Church are buried Frederick William I., Frederick the Great, and in the Friedenskirche, Frederick William IV. and the late Emperor Frederick. That the Kaiser would gain any æsthetic pleasure from the continued contemplation of memories of the great Frederick, however, is unlikely, for there was a man after the Kaiser's own heart in his love of military grandeur, but who knew how to dally with Socialism in a way which did not lessen the Royal potency. Potsdam, by the way, contains at least one monument which is curiously emblematic of the present struggle between King and people. Near the Sans-Souci Palace is the famous old mill (shown in an illustration on another page) which Frederick II. sought, persistently, to remove. But law was law, even in the Prussia of that day. Its occupant refused steadily to budge, and recourse to all the Courts of the realm on the part of the King were without avail to move him. It remained there in Frederick's day, and it remains there to-day—a standing monument to the rights of the people, King or no King.

* * *

Britons and the Electoral Struggle

As to the issue of the struggle, it is not, as pointed out last week, easy to understand why the British people, as a whole, are so eager that Wilhelm II. should be ousted from supremacy in the German Empire by Herr Bebel. The Kaiser may be the bogey of the present generation to Englishmen who have never forgotten his Kruger telegram.

Whither the Kaiser May Retreat

The Royal Palace at Potsdam

Should the Kaiser carry out his reported threat to boycott Berlin for a long time, in the event of a Socialist being elected for the constituency in which the Berlin Royal Palace stands, Potsdam will be his retreat. It is not the cheeriest of resorts for one so fond of crowded life as the Kaiser, but the palace is spacious, and the parks positively infested with statues of the Imperial ancestors, whose tombs, by the by, are also near by. Its parks are spacious, and, on the whole, picturesque; and it has some large lakes and a canal

A Standing Monument to the People's Power: The famous mill at Potsdam

Potsdam contains one very suggestive reminder of the power of the people as manifested against the present Emperor's greatest ancestor, Frederick the Great—the famous mill in the precincts of the Palace of Sans-Souci. For years, Frederick tried to force the owner of the mill to abandon his site, but the miller refused, and the Courts of Prussia, one and all, upheld him. The mill has been preserved ever since

But injustice has been done to the Emperor by the British Press. Had a Social Democracy flourished in Germany during the Boer War, no elected German Government could so effectually have preserved Germany's neutrality as did that of the Kaiser. There was no intervention, though the crowds in Berlin did cheer themselves hoarse at a British reverse and gnash their teeth with rage at a British victory. Did not the Kaiser refuse to see Mr. Kruger, or in any way to encourage a Boer revival after Lord Roberts's conquest of the Transvaal? Similarly, though it be his dream to build a gigantic Navy, it is not proven that he has aspirations to do anything else with it than make Germany respected over-sea. Finally, as pointed out last week, a Social Democrat victory in Germany would enormously improve the chances of the corresponding party in Great Britain, scarcely to the advantage, I imagine, of the overtaxed British ratepayer, or to the Briton who wishes his country to remain strong and his Empire to be preserved. The preservation of the Kaiser in his old rôle of war-lord is an admirable thing for British Imperialists. It keeps the need of a Navy and an Army advertised; also, it helps on the Empire idea. For with the Kaiser and Herr Dernburg preaching the glories of over-sea dominions, surely, from the British point of view, there must be something in it.

* * *

The New Hospital at Nice

Nice is now the happy possessor of a hospital for consumption, which was opened last week. The opening ceremony, however, was marked by a humorous incident. Many important persons, including the Prefet des Alpes Maritimes, were present; and there were the usual speeches and congratulations. All would have passed without a hitch had not a patient adopted an extraordinary method of taking his revenge on the doctor who had given him gratuitous consultations. Either madness or malice prompted his action, which, however, was so original and so unexpected that it lost its aim, and quite failed in its intended effect. When a note was passed to the chairman, asking if a patient might be allowed to say a few words, everybody naturally was waiting to hear the thanks of a man who had been saved from an early grave. He, however, burst forth into a violent tirade against the doctor who had given him advice. The audience, however, only saw the humorous side of the affair, and the occurrence caused them much amusement.

Empty Monte Carlo

The Terraces at Monte Carlo, showing how they have been deserted by the visitors who thronged them in former years

Miss Vidal-Soler

A charming American brunette, whose play in the Tennis Club Tournament at Nice has attracted a great deal of attention

The Nice Grand Prix

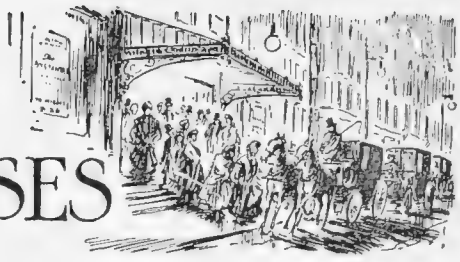
Many people have come South for the Grand Prix at Nice. Not content with betting all day long on the racecourse, visitors proceed to Monte Carlo in the evening, and it is heartrending to see the amount of money that is wasted there. A gentleman who has been playing 24,000 francs at a time, has been attracting crowds. An American lady who is staying at one of the big hotels at Nice, and a week ago was winning 300 francs a day, is now losing steadily, and, I am told, she has disposed of magnificent jewels at a great loss in order to continue her game. For a long time, the other day, I watched a fashionable *demi-mondaine* playing. She was exasperating beyond measure. After losing all her own money, she calmly turned to the Russian who was accompanying her, and ordered him to finance her. And when the imbecile, too, had exhausted his funds, he began to write her cheques. As I said last week, however, taken all round, this season has, up to the present, been a very bad one for the Riviera resorts, which reacts so seriously on the Casino that one hears its rumoured pretty freely that its days are numbered. English people no longer come and spend large sums of money at the tables as was formerly the case. They now go further afield.

* * *

Monte Carlo's Rival

On this point it is interesting to note that the long projected idea of instituting a Casino on a magnificent scale at Madeira has approached completion. It will be remembered that a concession was originally granted to a German syndicate, the head of which was Prince Karl of Hohenlohe-Langenburg. It has just been announced that the syndicate has sold their rights to an English company, who will, in return for the concessions, not only have to pay a regal sum every year to the Portuguese Government, but will have to build a hospital in Madeira, and support it. Time alone will show if this scheme will prove a success. The voyage to Madeira on a large liner, and basking in a climate which is almost as perfect as a climate can be, certainly offers inducements to those in search of a thorough change. Hitherto, Madeira has had so little to offer to its visitors in the shape of amusements that few, except invalids, have visited there. If the Casino really materialises, however, we may expect to see the island become the winter and spring resort for the fashionable world.

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE HAYMARKET

"Lady Huntworth's Experiment"

These are the days of specialists. Men specialise in medicine, in advocacy, in crime, in what you will. Actresses specialise after this fashion. Miss June makes her first appearance. The playgoing world says, "She is demure." From that moment the demureness of Miss June increases in proportion to the number of parts she plays. She reads a new rôle. "Not demure enough" is her verdict, and another budding playwright is set thinking about the vanity of earthly desires. There is, for the time, a slump in demure rôles. Miss June is tired of "resting." Much against her inclination, she is induced to play the part of a heroine who is not demure. Result — failure. The public says, "Very creditable of Miss June to attempt to prove her versatility, but give us Miss June in a demure part." Miss Compton struck out in a new line. She was deliberate.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Rosalie Toller and Mr. Cyril Maude in "Toddles" at Wyndham's Theatre

Miss Toller, who has lately taken over Miss Alice Crawford's part in *Toddles*, is the latest recruit from the ranks of the amateurs. *Toddles* is to be transferred to Mr. Cyril Maude's new theatre, the Playhouse, on January 31

Miss Compton and Her Manner

When other actresses were fidgeting about first on one foot then on the other; when they were gabbling their words until they became so breathless that the tail end of their sentences sank into their boots—at this epoch Miss Compton charmed the multitude by her repose of manner and her leisurely fashion of taking breath. The public were rightly charmed by Miss Compton's cool, incisive manner. But just as we can have too much of Miss June's demureness, so we can have too much of Miss Compton's deliberateness. The continual use of deliberateness retards the action of the play. Miss Compton always holds her audience. But at times her most ardent admirer is apt to whisper to himself, "For goodness sake, hurry up a bit." The most patient of us (for I proudly number myself among Miss Compton's ardent admirers) can have too many of her "Macready pauses."

On the first night the curtain fell upon the revival of *Lady Huntworth's Experiment* at 11.50. I feel sure that a quarter of an hour might with advantage be knocked off this period of the play's duration, if Miss Compton and the rest of the company would bestir themselves. For deliberateness has this further drawback — it is most infectious. A deliberate player sets the pace for the rest.

Concerning the Players

A printed slip in the programme asked our indulgence for Mr. Fred Lewis, who, owing to the regretted absence, through illness, of Mr. Henry Kemble, had taken up the part of the Rev. Audley Pillenger at short notice. Mr. Lewis was a most efficient substitute. He was able to reproduce the unctuous tones of Mr. Kemble in so faithful a manner that by shutting one's eyes one could well imagine Mr. Kemble to be playing. For the rest, Mr. Lewis extracted every ounce of humour out of the Rev. Audley Pillenger. Mr. Carton has drawn for us a type of stage clergyman which, though hackneyed, is apt to amuse. The rounded periods of the reverend gentleman — his pained expression when Captain Dorvaston indulges in expletives —these well-known characteristics of the stage clergyman can still tickle our sense of humour, provided the actor keeps the character well within bounds. All praise to Mr. Lewis for his discretion. A far more clever

piece of portraiture by the playwright is Lord Huntworth, the blackguard of whom his wife is so glad to be rid that she allows him to obtain an undefended divorce and takes the position of cook in the vicar's family. Mr. Weedon Grossmith plays the part in too farcical a vein. The actor's assumption of drunkenness obtained the usual laughs, but he did not plumb the depths of the character. Lord Huntworth is more than a humorous toper. He is a contemptible beast, and should be played in the spirit of comedy, not farce. That is a fine scene where Lord Huntworth, having learned that his divorced wife has come into money, asks her to come back to him. Mr. Grossmith missed the dramatic significance of the scene.

Miss Dagmar Wiehe has still much to learn before she can play an *ingénue* part. There are some who think that a pretty, dainty girl in real life can step on the boards and play a pretty, dainty girl on the stage. As a matter of fact, ingenuousness on the stage calls for the very highest possible training.

I regret that I was unable to witness Mrs. Henry de la Pasture's new first piece, *Her Grace the Reformer*. I hope to make amends.

ALDWYCH THEATRE

"Nelly Neil"

I detect a grudging note in the favourable notices of *Nelly Neil*. Is it possible that the revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas at the Savoy has to do with this; that critics feel it would be hardly proper to enthuse about a musical play when legitimate comic opera is drawing the town? Whatever be the explanation, I feel that *Nelly Neil* has been rather hardly jumped upon. So was the *Belle of New York*. It remains to be seen whether *Nelly Neil* will triumph, despite an unfavourable start. To commence with the music. It is written in Mr. Ivan Caryll's most melodious vein—and, as we all know, he can be the very soul of melody. The *Daily Mail* critic whimsically remarks that the "music is not the least amateurish!" Ye gods! Surely the lengthy and brilliant service of Mr. Caryll as a composer has lifted him out of the ranks of the amateurs. There are some very taking numbers in the piece, notably, the song of the Socialists, "I Sing of the Millennium"; a butterfly song by a lady whom I was not able to identify on the programme; and the song in which Nelly Neil breathes the desire of her heart, which is for people to call her neither wise nor witty, but to sigh "Heigho! how pretty." When the score is published this number should be popular with fair amateurs.

In the book, Mr. McLellan has attempted to work an old mine. Between the Salvation Lassie and the Socialist the difference is principally that of costume. But the book is much better than the average. There is a welcome absence of inanities. As for the cast, it is quite efficient. Miss May uses the *mi-voix* with all her old charm. She is one of the few actresses who has invented a new accent in which to speak the English language. You may recall how catching was the Edna May voice when first it fell on the ears of the town. It became an epidemic, and few of our actresses on the lyric stage escaped from a touch of it. We are warned against doing things by halves. Miss May, at any rate, has gone far with her half-smile and her half-voice.

Mr. E. Dagnall, as a demon-detective-conspirator, worked hard with his humour. The Tizzle Sisters (Miss Ethel Allandale and Miss Amie Payne) were nimble of feet, sang one pretty duet, and were not nearly so tiresome in character as the librettist had drawn them.

At the risk of disturbing the delicate balance of the "star" system, I find I have placed Mr. Joseph Coyne last on the roll of honour—indeed, after the "and," which matters so much on a theatrical programme. Mr. Coyne has that delicate sense of comedy which keeps one in a perpetual chuckle. He is as light in his "business" as he is on his feet. He never descends to buffoonery in order to bring out a deeper tone in the laughter of the audience. For Mr. Coyne we are indeed truly grateful.

(An Impression at St. George's Hall by Norman Morrow)

ST. GEORGE'S HALL

"The Magician's Heart"

Marvels and mysteries of all kinds are occupying the thoughts of modern audiences. The Zancigs, at the Alhambra, are responsible for the new craze. Small wonder, then, that the home of mystery at St. George's Hall should be a very popular resort these days. The new entertainment provided by Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant is well calculated to set people wondering "how these things are done." The play, which serves as the medium for so many strange happenings, is written in a good old-fashioned style, and contains a "plot" which is

very ingeniously worked out. In Professor Taykin, Mr. David Devant has a rôle in which he can mystify the audience to their hearts' content. He keeps them in a constant state of bewilderment. He turns empty pots and pans into an eight-course dinner, ugly beggars into beautiful princesses, old men into handsome princes. He is, indeed, a magician.

Understudies and their Work

The lot of the understudy, like that of the policeman, is not a happy one. Understudies put in a great amount of hard work for which they gain very little credit. During a successful run the work of the principals is practically confined to the seven performances per week. Not so that of the understudies. Day after day, in the gloomy shrouded theatre, understudies gather to rehearse their rôles, dialogue, "business," and songs. All this in addition to their own work in the evening. It must be remembered, too, that, as a general rule, understudies receive no payment for their services. Occasionally actors and actresses not appearing in the play are engaged as understudies. In these cases they report themselves at every performance, and remain in the theatre until the play is finished lest one of the principals be taken ill during the performance. More often, however, the understudies are recruited from the ranks of the players appearing in small parts. The good feeling which animates members of the profession is seldom illustrated in more striking fashion than when an understudy makes an appearance. The rest of the principals unite in offering all the assistance they are able to give. It often happens that an understudy has to appear with no more preparation than what is known as a "run through"—viz., a hurried rehearsal of the mere dialogue, with no lights, entrances, "props," or "business." On these occasions, the principals literally pull the newcomer through the part. Very rarely, indeed, do understudies obtain the chance for which they are always looking. The writer remembers an occasion, however, when both the actress playing "Molly Seamore," the leading *ingénue* rôle in *The Geisha*, on tour, and her understudy were taken ill at the same time. The manager, in despair, called for a volunteer to play the part. From the ranks of the chorus there stepped a little girl, who, night after night, had stationed herself in the wings and carefully watched every scene in which Molly Seamore appeared. This little girl went through the part without a hitch, and obtained all the usual encores. At the fall of the curtain her comrades broke into applause. That little girl is now a principal.

E. C. S.

(Sketched at the Aldwych Theatre by Norman Morrow)

(Sketched at the Aldwych Theatre by Norman Morrow)

THE NEW THEATRE

On Saturday evening, the 12th inst., the *Scarlet Pimpernel* replaced *Dorothy o' the Hall* in the bill at the New Theatre, and was enthusiastically received by a full house. The cast is the identical one which delighted so many playgoers when the piece was last revived at this theatre. Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson earned every bit of the applause they received. Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw played the part of the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV.) with great success. The piece is only on for a limited number of performances, as Mr. Terry and Miss Neilson are producing *Matt of Merrymount* very shortly.

R. M.

Studies in

Miss Eleanor May
understudying
Miss Evelyn Millard
in "Robinhood"
at the Lyric

Miss Frances Dillon
understudying
Miss Irene Vanbrugh
in "His House in Order"
at the St. James's

Miss Bowman
understudying
Miss Pauline Chase
in "Peter Pan"
at the Duke of York's

Miss Alice Crawford
understudying
Miss Constance Collier
in "Antony and Cleopatra"
at His Majesty's

Photos 1, 2, and 4 by Dover Street Studios; 3 by Bassano

Lesser lights of the Stage, each one of whom, some day, may——

Understudies

Miss Dorothy Monkman
understudying
Miss Billie Burke
in "The Belle of Mayfair" at
the Vaudeville

Miss Grimstone
understudying
Miss Ruth Vincent
in Amasis
at the Criterion

Miss Violette Londa
understudying
Miss Isabel Jay
in "The Vicar of Wakefield"
at the Prince of Wales's

Miss Enid Leonhardt
understudying
Miss Gertie Millar
in "The New Aladdin"
at the Gaiety

Photo 1 by Dover Street Studios; 4 by Ellis and Walery

——outshine the greater star, of whom she is now but a satellite

Out With th

THE FAMOUS HUNT WHICH IS SOON TO L

Photos
The youngest member of the Hunt at the meet at Langham

THE COTTESMORE HUNT: HOUNDS AND TH

For many years the Cottesmore has been one of the most fashionable packs in the Kingdom. Hounds hunt over a widely varied country in Leicestershire and Rutland, and it is claimed that with the Cottesmore there is a scent in all weathers. Some notable sportsmen have from t destinies of the pack, but rare than by Mr. Evan Hanbury and Thatcher, who has been termed

Cottesmore

SE THE SERVICES OF ITS POPULAR MASTER

EIR FOLLOWERS MOVING OFF TO COVERT

e to time presided over the has better sport been shown his popular huntsman, Arthur ne legitimate successor of the late Tom Firr. Unfortunately, Mr. Hanbury, whose term of office dates back to 1900, has handed in his resignation, to take effect at the end of the season, and hunting people are discussing the question of filling the vacancy in this important country.

Topical Agency

The Master and the Huntsman

Mr. Evan Hanbury, the M.F.H., is on the right

By Field, Stream & Covert.

TO OUR READERS

We are always very glad to receive photographs of interest to hunting people to publish in the "Field, Stream, and Covert" pages, and for all photographs we reproduce, either a quarter or half-page size, we shall pay **5s.**, *and* **10s. 6d.** *for those used over this size. Photographs, which should be silver prints, must have been taken this season, and each print must bear the sender's name and address, besides full particulars as to when and where it was taken*

The Old Berkeley (East)

After having been kept out of the field for some weeks by influenza, Mr. Robert Webber has now resumed his accustomed place with these hounds. Our photograph shows a meet on the 7th inst. at Champneys, always a popular fixture with this pack. Mr. A. Marc, as usual, entertained the large field, and later in the day a very fair run was enjoyed from Hay Wood to Micklefield Hall. Unfortunately, disaster overtook the O.B.H. (East) three days afterwards. A fox took them on to the Great Central line, and a fast train ran into the pack with murderous effect, two couples being killed and others very badly injured. Another of our pictures shows the meet of the King's County Hounds at Oxmantown Mall, Birr, on the 10th inst. This is one of the oldest-established packs in Ireland, and Mr. Assheton Biddulph has most successfully hunted the country since 1884.

The Whaddon Chase at Mr. L. de Rothschild's

Our illustration of the recent meet of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds at Ascott, which concluded a round of festivities in connection with the coming-of-age of Mr. Evelyn de Rothschild, reminds us of the prominent part in sport played by his father, the widely popular Mr. Leo. On the Turf, no colours, with one exception, are better liked by the public than the Rothschild "blue and yellow," and evidence of that was abundantly forthcoming when St. Amant won the Derby. In the hunting world the Rothschilds are best known by the splendid pack of staghounds they hunt in the Vale. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild usually acts as their Field Master, and he also fills that position sometimes with the Whaddon Chase, for whom there are always foxes in the Ascott coverts. At Southcourt, not far from his residence, Mr. Rothschild has his finely appointed stud farm, where some of the best thoroughbreds in the kingdom are quartered.

Is the Sportsman Degenerate?

The modern sportsman is often charged with being a degenerate creature. He is, we are told, a man who likes to have his fun with a minimum of trouble; who will not hunt unless he can get comfortably to within easy distance of the meet by special train or motor-car; who will not go racing unless provided with stands and enclosures that are simply palatial compared with the accommodation that existed fifty years ago; who

Photo] **Where Fields are Streams: The Fenland floods in Lincolnshire** *[S. Jepson*

A few weeks ago we published photographs in these pages of the skating and other winter sports in full swing on the fens at Cowbit. Now we show another aspect of the same district, namely, the floods which have followed the rapid thaw of the snow and ice, whereby thousands of acres are now under water between Spalding and Crowland

Are Modern Sportsmen Degenerate?

Photo *Lafayette*

A meet of the King's County Hounds at Oxmantown Mall, Birr

The King's County Foxhounds is one of the oldest packs in Ireland, which has been successfully hunted by Mr. Assheton Biddulph since 1684

will not shoot unless he can have his birds driven to him. Can the charges be substantiated? In the first place, we must repeat the old truism that times have changed and customs with them. What are regarded as nothing less than enervating luxuries by the oldest school are accepted with gratitude by the younger generation of sportsmen as perfectly legitimate and reasonable aids to good sport. Take pheasant-shooting, for example. In the old days, birds were too scarce to make the employment of beaters necessary. The sportsman of that time found his greatest enjoyment in seeing his dogs work, and was perfectly satisfied to get in a shot now and again as the birds rose from the undergrowth. Our pointers and setters are still highly prized, and are as valuable as ever in certain spheres, but the artificial stocking of coverts has changed the character of pheasant-shooting.

Modern Conditions

Bigger bags were demanded, and the modern system of driving became a necessity under the new conditions. But while this tended to

Photo *F. T. Newman*

The Old Berkeley (East) Foxhounds: A meet at Champneys

These hounds recently met at Champneys, the seat of Mr. A. Marc. The Master, Mr. R. B. Webber, has recovered from his late illness, and was in command. Lord Clarendon, Lady Edith Villiers, Lord Ebury, Mrs. Webber, the Misses Marc, Miss Hadden, and Mr. Hadden, with most of the usual followers, were present

A Record Meet of the Whaddon Chase

give an air of artificiality to shooting, that has been counterbalanced by the endeavour of covert-owners to send their birds over the guns so as to afford the most difficult and sporting shots, and I think that the average shooting man of to-day could give points to the old-time sportsman in regard to skill and resource. These things, of course, are purely a matter of personal opinion, and mine is that a man is not less a sportsman because he takes advantage of those improvements and advantages which the march of progress and invention has placed in his way. The hunting man is twitted with travelling luxuriously to the meet in his motor-car. His forefathers would have done the same thing if they had had the chance. The second horse has also been alluded to as a modern luxury, but the practice goes back as far as the days of that Lord Sefton who hunted the Quorn at the opening of the nineteenth century, and was famous for his thousand-guinea hunters. Sport in 1907, no doubt, has its anomalies, but, on the whole, I consider the best of its votaries could hold their own with the best of bygone times if it came to tests of endurance and manhood, either in the hunting-field or the various branches of game-shooting, in which, of course, we have the help of vastly improved appliances. These remarks have been mainly prompted by Mrs. Davidson's verses, printed below :—

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

Someone was asking, "Where are they,
Those Kings of Sport of yesterday?
Simple their tastes; their wishes few;
Steady their aim; their eyesight true.
A brace of dogs, and a single gun,
Were all they asked to share their fun.
Under the trees,
A pleasant breeze,
A sandwich or some bread and cheese.
Have they gone with the years that are far away,
Those Kings of Sport of yesterday?"

And someone answered, "See, I pray,
The pampered sportsman of to-day.
Conceit and swagger; a jealous shot,
Creeping near where the corner's hot.
Two guns, a loader, a cosy butt;
A sumptuous feast in a rainproof hut.
Fizz and old port.
This is his sport!
Scarcely enjoyed and dearly bought."
A third voice murmured in real dismay,
"Then no true sportsman lives to-day!"

GWENDOLINE DAVIDSON.

Though I think this is taking an extreme view of the case, these clever verses are well worth attention.

A. W. C.

Photo *J. T. Newman*

The Whaddon Chase Foxhounds: A record meet at Ascott, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's seat

To conclude the festivities in connection with the coming-of-age of Mr. Evelyn de Rothschild, a meet of the Whaddon Chase Foxhounds was held at Ascott, the Buckinghamshire seat of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. There was a record attendance, for Mr. Evelyn is well known in the hunting-field. He often takes charge of and hunts his father's staghounds

Worldly Short Story No. 58

THE PRE-EXISTENCE PARTY

By MRS. BAILLIE-SAUNDERS

(*Author of "Saints and Society"*)

TO WORLDLY AUTHORS

Any of our readers who have written stories which they think would be suitable for our Worldly Series are invited to send in their Manuscripts, which must be typewritten. A story by an unknown writer will receive just as much consideration as though it had been written by one of the most celebrated authors of the day, and, if accepted, will be liberally paid for. Only good stories are wanted!

"I TOLD you *no one* could be admitted unless they had had a previous existence," said Aïda, crossly.

"You didn't tell the butler," said William. "He let me in. Perhaps he thought I could pick one up when I got in here amongst all you occultists. Isn't there somebody over that I could have for mine—say a cast-off one?"

"Nonsense," said Aïda. "You'll simply spoil the *séance*. I purposely didn't invite any scoffers. The only thing, now you have got in, is to hurriedly glance over your sensations and find a 'temple.' We call our bygone personalities our 'former temples.' Can't you recollect something that would give you a clue?"

William, who had been looking exceedingly blank, suddenly beamed with inspiration.

"Well, now I look round your drawing-room, I admit that I experience a strange, weird feeling of having been there before! What can it mean? The only thing against it is that last night I remember experiencing exactly the same sensation when I went into the Vaudeville bar. And the other night, when I kissed a nice girl at a dance——"

Reveries

(*Photographic study by Fellows-Willson*)

"You are utterly stupid," snapped Aïda. "I should be ashamed to own up that I hadn't had a 'former temple.' Everybody has them nowadays, and if they're not respectable they're at least illustrious. The only people," she added significantly, with a freezing glance, "who have none at all are naturally those who are on the downward grade, going down stage by stage till they reach beetles."

William's blood froze. "It may be that," he said, gazing back at her. "Now I think of it I've already got some characteristics in common with beetles. I run after ladies, and I don't come out till after dark, and I'm often in warm places, and I get trodden upon—*you* tread on me. My head is already black and shiny—I only need antennæ, and a leg or two more, and then——"

He wriggled his fingers suggestively.

"Ugh!" shrieked Aïda, "don't be so disgusting! I would positively have you turned out, only I think the *séance* may convert you. I hope it will, anyway."

Aïda is the Hon. Mrs. Dree-Hazey, a quite celebrated mystic. She wears thin, creepy, crawly clothes, and is often photographed with a snake on her shoulder. He isn't a real snake—indeed his stuffing is coming out—but carefully posed, he looks positively sensational, especially as he is far more stripey than the real thing.

She goes in hotly for ghost-parties and psychical soirées, and simply loves *séances*, which she gives on a large scale, and bullies people into taking her "spooks" seriously. But she had been reading the newspaper correspondence on "Have We Lived Before," and hence her present idea was an improvement on all former exhibitions of this sort, for it was simply a spiritualistic *séance* at which were due to appear all the previous personalities of the guests! It was a large order, too. You were obliged, upon accepting the invitation, to state who you believed you had been in a previous state. You were then to prepare to meet him, or her, at the Dree-Hazeys.

So far everybody was really excited at the idea. But now the scoffing William, a horrid, unbelieving barrister and Aïda's cousin, had arrived unexpectedly just as the guests were beginning to rustle into the huge drawing-room, draped for the occasion with weird, dim Egyptian curtains of some sort, and evidently prepared for a *séance* on a large and serious scale.

Aïda herself, remarkable in a clinging garment of green sequins, with her hair quite a new colour, looked distinctly worried, and consequently terrifying. Worry always upsets her temper.

"It's no good you're being aggravating to-night, William," she said. "The creatures themselves are quite aggravating enough—my guests, I mean. They *will* snap up all the important and beautiful people in history, and the worst of it is they are always hitting on the same people! You will hardly believe me, but there are two Julius Cæsars, and I have positively given up counting the Mary Queen of Scots! They are so silly to all hit on her—there are such lots of other beautiful women they could have been."

"Yes, they might even try being beautiful in this existence for a change. Well, I should let them fight

Another Worldly Story Next Week

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

it out. It will prevent things falling flat—all except the combatants. They may."

"I shall simply trust to tact."

"Yes, do. And may I ask who was your own 'former temple'?"

"O, I was Cleopatra."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, whenever I am by the sea I feel a most strange, weird sense of familiarity, as though I ought to be reclining back on a palanquin, while huge crowds come round to admire me. It is a strange feeling."

"Not so strange, I assure you. Lots of people feel very similar. I have noticed it at Brighton. It is only the crowds who do not really rise to it, usually. But as I'm only a novice, may I ask whether Cleopatra — she was rather a doubtful person—has come down the grade for her sins, or has gone up higher, is now reaching you as a stage? Are you, may I inquire, a higher or a lower stage—from her point of view?" There was an ominous silence.

"Well, really, William," said Aïda at last, a nasty look about the corners of her nose, and an unpleasant gleam in her eye, "when you become a beetle I will make the same inquiry!"

Conversation after this becoming momentarily impossible, William withdrew into a corner by an Egyptian curtain and watched the arrivals—who now began to come streaming in. He had expected a crowd, but now he was amazed to see who the people were.

There was Sir James McPhee, the famous Scottish surgeon, a hard-headed, cute old person, the last one would have thought to come to what William called "a bogey show." Really, Aïda was very clever to persuade such intellectuals to humour her fads! Or were the intellectuals getting at Aïda? The idea came suddenly as he caught a gleam of the eminent Scotchman's eye, not unlike the glance of an Aberdeen terrier up to tricks and covering them by extra sobriety of mien.

But this could not be true of all of them. There, just entering, was the stout and self-assertive Lady Blamey, a person of terrific solemnity, and impossible to associate with "tricks" of any kind. She must surely be a believer. Near to her in the crowd stood Dinsley, a well-known police-court magistrate, an after-dinner wit and *raconteur*, looking terrifically serious for once. Perhaps he was going through the pre-existence to his dinner, having rushed on here from work? He often merged into another grade after it.

Young Lady Higby, a famous Society bride, glittered like a star upon his vision out of a crowd of her friends, and a well-known Cabinet Minister, a great Royal Academician, two novelists, male and female — but fearfully hard to distinguish, as one had long red hair, and the other a stiff collar and tie—and any amount of the usual beautifully "turned-out" women and rather sheepish men.

Sheepishness seemed to hang over the gay throng like a pall. In a familiar drawing-room, however carefully disguised and glittering with gay lights, lively with music, and full of flowers and pretty women, it is not easy to hold forth on your serious belief that you were once Alexander the Great. Somehow you don't feel altogether comfortable, and not quite big enough, except about the feet, which seem too big. There appeared to be a paucity of conversation, and nobody looked too eagerly into his neighbour's eyes. William, however, who had discovered a radiantly pretty girl standing near him, obviously under Aïda's own chaperonage, quite made up for this latter failing; and he was beginning thoroughly to enjoy himself, and to concoct plans for a really spiritualistic conversation, if he could persuade his busy cousin to introduce him, when suddenly the string band ceased playing, and a very cadaverous-looking man stood up on a Hindoo praying-mat at the end of the room and made an announcement in a weird, sing-song voice. It was to the effect that all the lights would now be put out, and if everyone would keep quite still, and not move, and each one concentrate his thoughts on his own personality, the *séance* would begin. There was absolutely nothing to fear, he said. But, as they had been informed, the spirits would appear one by one in answer to the Chief Medium's call, and those who felt themselves to have once occupied the same forms as "former temples" could address them, with reverence, and would receive an answer.

This was very thrilling, and the effect of the sudden switching off of the electric light was exceedingly dramatic, only that a buzz of whispering now succeeded the earlier chilled silence as by a stroke of magic.

"Sh-sh-sh!" angrily cried the voice from the now invisible mat. "No talking, if you please; we cannot have any talking. Ladies and gentlemen, I *insist*." And now a faint sound of half-muffled music began to wail in the darkness, and the *séance* began. Suddenly William felt his left arm violently clutched.

"It's only me," said the voice of Aïda, coming sepulchrally through the black gloom. "Do help me in a most awful dilemma. To my horror I find that there are FIVE Mary Queen of Scots, and two are most awfully huffy! When her ghost appears will you, O William, as you value our friendship, take care of two for me? O William, don't refuse. Keep with them, entertain them, stop them saying anything if you possibly can, or there may be a regular scene! You see they all claim her as theirs."

"But, Great Scott!" he whispered. "Who are they? How shall I find them in this darkness? Do I know them?"

"One is Lady Blamey, and the other is Violet Vicars," she answered hurriedly. "All you've got to do is to play up to both of them that *she* was Mary Stuart—it's easy enough in the dark. I've posted trustworthy men with the other three, so these are really the last to see to."

William gasped, but gasps do not show in the darkness, and the next moment he found himself dragged along and placed between two people; that one was Lady Blamey he could tell by the stertorous breathing on his right, and a waft of mignonette scent coming from the other side, he concluded that this was Miss Violet Vicars, a person whom he had never set eyes on. It requires tact to be suddenly placed between an old and a young lady in the dark—both perfect strangers—with a view to persuading them that they were not Mary Queen of Scots in a former existence. But William resolved to do his best.

The slow music getting slower and slower, and the enveloping darkness now really beginning to get on people's nerves, there was a tendency to hush the whispered chatter, and, some mystic sentences in Hebrew having now been uttered, in a fearfully solemn tone, by, presumably, the man on the mat, quite a thrill went round the assembly.

He said, "Watch!" very seriously, adding, "Beware!" and everybody craned forward to look, as suddenly a tiny blue light appeared somewhere over

(*Continued on page 190*)

Who Can It Be?

Photo *Bassano*

Portrait of a Lady (Pompadour costume) which has reached us

The face seems familiar to us somehow, also the figure, likewise the pose of the arms. Can it be—no—yes, but still it may be—Miss C . . . . . e Cl . f . . . d—for once as something other than a Gibson Girl? "Yes, this!" as Mr. Zancig would say. Reference to the cast of the Vaudeville shows us that it surely is that lady, who, in the Harlequinade in *The Belle of Mayfair*, wears the above splendid costume

(*Continued from page 188*)

the mat, about the height of a man's head. This gradually grew larger and larger, till it spread into a sort of softly livid radiance it was seen that a dark, shadowy bulk loomed against it. The light growing clearer and stronger, there was slowly revealed to the breathless audience first a white, upturned face, then the form of a man in eighteenth-century dress, standing perfectly still with shut eyes.

The voice of Aïda, now stretched to a tense and yearning pitch well known as her *séance* voice, now rose on the palpitating stillness.

"George Washington!" was all she said for a few awful seconds, then murmured in an undertone to someone apparently by her: "Will you kindly tell Mr. Dinsley to come forward if he has anything to say to his former temple?"

Before Dinsley could speak, a raucous voice broke the stillness hideously—the voice of McPhee, the Scotch surgeon.

"Aa-a-aie! Mr. Dinsley was never in yon mon. Mr. Washington never told a lee! He said so himself."

The voice of Dinsley arose. "He told the biggest one on record when he said that, anyhow!" he snapped.

In the fluttering titter that followed they got the ghost away somehow, and a friend of Dinsley's was heard to say:

"Congratulations, old man. There's no life like the present—you can tell as many here as you like."

But even as he spoke the spokesman gave an awful summons, there came a booming, moaning noise, and out of the disc of light a weird form, in a sort of loose blanket, appeared slowly waving its hands in rhythmic measure.

"Who on earth——," began somebody in the crowd.

"It's not on earth—it's a spirit. Julius Cæsar!" said the voice of Aïda, in solemn cadence.

But suddenly there rose fearsome sounds as of a hurried scuffle in the darkness, and after several gurgles, like those one hears above the melody in a cheap gramophone, a fierce voice roared out loudly:

"Pardon me—I tell you that is *my* personality! I sent the name into Mrs. Dree-Hazey myself. Mrs. Dree-Hazey, I appeal to you—did not I, Colonel Gibbs, send in the name of Julius Cæsar?"

"Yes, yes, I——"

"Nothing of the kind. That was *my* former temple."

"This is sheer nonsense, sir," went on the angry voice. "Two of us could not possibly have first lived in the same man."

"Two of you could easily get into the same blanket," croaked the voice of the Scotch surgeon. "Hech! It's muckle enough to make a mony breeks!"

Aïda's agonised "O, for heaven's sake!" may have appealed to the ghost, for he violently disappeared, oddly enough with a noise like someone being pushed hurriedly through a door and remonstrating in Cockney accents.

Several spirits followed in due order, but William hardly noticed them, being now worked up into agonised speculation as to what was going to happen to him when Mary Queen of Scots appeared. She was, as a matter of fact, the biggest monopoly of the lot, and as the tense moments passed he began to realise that with three other claimants in the room, and himself situated between two, the results might be serious.

Suddenly the heavy, aggressive voice of Lady Blamey rang in his right ear:

"Can you tell me whether, by communicating with the medium person, we can summon up any particular spirit? I should like to get mine over; I am due at Lady Wigmore's ball."

"O, yes," said William, weakly. "Whom do you require?"

"Mary Queen of Scots."

A soft voice at his other elbow said eagerly, "O, but——"

"Oh, hus-sh-sh-sh!" William imploringly whispered, just as the man on the mat gave an order and the redoubtable Mary Stuart appeared.

Then the voice of the base Aïda was heard to say, in a furtive stage whisper: "Come along, Muriel; this is your pre-personality. There are lots of things you can ask her; but do be quick."

There was a rustle of a lady's dress, as somebody answering to the name of Muriel made her way to the front, when a loud voice rang out at William's right hand.

"Excuse me," cried Lady Blamey, in the tones of a fog-horn, "that is *my* spirit!"

"O dear, O certainly, but——"

"But this is unfair. I insist on claiming my rights," bellowed the monstrous lady in the dark; and now two other ladies' voices joined the hubbub with similar claims.

"Good gracious!" said the soft voice at William's elbow. "This is getting serious. Aren't there a lot of us? What heaps of sides she must have had to her character!"

But Lady Blamey had now risen in all her ferocity and immensity. Her fierce voice was ringing across the tumult. Aïda was arguing, and the other three claimants were arguing, and Sir James McPhee was making running commentaries, while the entire room applauded or cried down the claimants in its own fashion. The noise was tremendous.

"Pardon me," continued Lady Blamey. "But *I* have the first claim. My case is unquestionable. Whenever I meet a Scotchman I am inexplicably reminded of Bothwell, and feel that he and I——"

"Sakes alive, spare us, madam," cried McPhee. "Rec'clect the mor-ahlities of the audience!"

"I don't wish to contradict anyone," cried the lady who had originally answered to Muriel. "But really my own sensations are more conclusive. Whenever I go to Calais I feel a weird sensation of something writing on my heart."

"Indigestion, ma'am. The cooking at yon tourist hotels is——"

"But really, Aïda," rang out the voice of another claimant. "Without wishing to be rude, or selfish, I do think she is really mine. Everything points to it. Whenever I pass the Tower I feel a strange sensation that I am losing my head."

"Aaie—it's a no uncommon feeling in the Ceety," put in McPhee. "But she wasn't beheaded there, neither. The Tower's juist been getting at ye, puir body. It was aye given to taking folk in."

"Well, really," said another. "I don't know how one actually settles these things, but my own experience is conclusive, to my mind. It is impossible for me to behold that tragic picture of Queen Mary in prison without feeling an overwhelming conviction that I ought to be there also."

"Hoots!" shrieked the ghastly McPhee in unholy delight. "If everybody who ought to be in prison feels like yon, there's mair lineal descendants of the Stuart line than we thocht!"

Aïda's voice came thick with fury. "Will someone kindly ask Sir James to permit the *séance* to proceed?"

(*Continued on page 192*)

A Mansion House Idyll

Photo *Speaight*

A pretty picture of three of the Lord Mayor's little guests

Master Geoffrey Harold (a courtier, George III. period), Miss Gwendoline Harold (Columbine), and Miss Kathleen Harold (Cupid), as they appeared at the Lord Mayor's Fancy Dress Ball for Children at the Mansion House recently

"The Bystander" in Asia, Africa, and America

(Half a Guinea is paid for each photograph of readers in out-of-the-way parts of the world published on this page)

CHINA

One Aspect of the Country's Awakening

MISS LENOX SIMPSON writes: "This picture portrays their Excellencies, Shih and Fung, high Chinese officials, as the guests of the Commissioner of Customs, Ningpo, at a garden-party at his residence"

ASHANTI

The Two Popular Topics—"The Bystander" and Shooting

Sent by MR. F. DEVERILL, Hon. Secretary of the Obuasi Rifle Association, Obuasi, West Africa, who says: "My photo represents the two popular topics out here—THE BYSTANDER and Rifle Shooting. The Obuasi Section of the Gold Coast Volunteers opened their new rifle range on the King's Birthday (Nov. 9), the first shot being fired by the wife of the C.O., Mrs. Bowyer Bower, one of the few white ladies in Ashanti. Mrs. Bower is here seen firing the gun of the Maxim gun section. Obuasi is 40 miles from Kumasi, which place withstood a siege of several months during the late rising"

BRITISH COLUMBIA

The Fisherman's Paper

The sender, MR. RICHARD FENTON, Dutton Manor, Longbridge, Preston, writes: "This was taken outside the hotel at Campbell River, 90 odd miles north of Vancouver, British Columbia, and represents a morning's catch of salmon, rainbow trout, and rock cod. The salmon weighed 37 lb., 18 lb., and 17 lb. respectively, and the trout ran up to 4½ lb. The cod is arranged in the centre"

(*Continued from page 190*)

But William's left-hand neighbour seized his hand in the dark. "O do, please," she said, "help me to get out of this! Come along; no one will notice us in the dark. Quick!"

She tugged him along, and gladly and basely he fled with her, pushing pell-mell through the now voluble crowd, and never stopping till they sank down together, breathless and exhausted, in the hall. Then he glanced at his companion under the electric light, and to his joy saw that she was the pretty girl that he had noticed before the *séance*. His spirits rose mightily.

He was just beginning to be captivating, when at that moment violent sounds of falling chairs and raised voices emerging from the *séance* room like a rush of tempest, the charming lady fled to the door. "O dear," she said, "a hansom, please! I can't face all those creatures again. Quick!"

In double quick time he called a hansom, and without a word they jumped into it together and drove violently away, just as the furious occultists came sweeping down the stairs like loosened barbarian hordes rushing down a mountain side.

"I don't care what Mrs. Dree-Hazey thinks," said Violet. "She was chaperoning me, you know. But really, as she did me out of Mary, I can do as I like. It's only fair. Not that I want the tiresome creature. After this, I'm converted to dear, sensible, nice, old-fashioned Darwin for good and all. I'm never going to have been anything again but a monkey—a nice, friendly, skippy little monkey!"

"And I'm told I'm already half a beetle, so I'm sure no one will ever want to quarrel with us, will they? That's the best of choosing really unbecoming ones!"

In mutual congratulation they agreed to take supper at a restaurant, William arguing gently that as he was Aïda's cousin, and as Aïda had deserted her charge, this was only a reasonable arrangement. They had a very pleasant evening recovering from the *séance*, and William at least found his process of recovery absolutely delightful. Later on he drove the most *chic* and exquisite Violet home to her parents' abode, and in depositing her in Cambridge Square he left behind him his own heart in an existence where she was queen.

But Aïda was furious with everybody. She wrote frantic letters to the papers, asking the editor or his readers intricate and occult questions as to exactly what signs might be taken as conclusive evidence of a certain person having been another in a former existence. Quite a fresh crop of correspondence arose on the question as to whether what was conclusive and what was inconclusive evidence could not be legally defined; and one gentleman, writing from the Junior Carlton, suggested that this matter should be set forth in a Bill to bring before Parliament in the next Session. He said he was sure there were Members who would be personally interested in defining what they had been in a pre-existence—for instance, what a Cabinet Minister had been when he came into office, and what he had turned into since. He said the tracing out of such a career would be most instructive. It would throw a new light on many things now seen through a glass too darkly—he might say some of them looked very dark indeed.

As for William's share in the affair, Aïda accorded him one short and bitter interview, and then their relations virtually ceased. She said he had ruined the *séance*, as she thought he would. In vain he remarked on her wonderful second sight, even prophecy—she was not to be baited by such flattery. She said angrily, pacing her room in the cold morning light:

"You broke up the meeting by running away as you did! I blame you more than I do that unspeakable McPhee, for you left me alone, at the most terrible moment of all, to face that monstrous woman Blamey! You will never know what I suffered, what she said, and how she behaved. It was simply dreadful. William, I left her in your charge, to your honour, and you betrayed me by deserting in cowardly manner at the last moment. You utterly forgot your duty."

"O, but not utterly," pleaded William in his most pathetic "Counsel" voice. "You remember you gave me two Mary Queen of Scots to take care of? I relieved you of one. It was to convey her forcibly out of the room that I went so precipitately."

"It was?" Aïda gazed in a stony manner, as though trying to elucidate a mystery. "Do you mean to say that when you went you took away Violet Vicars? Is that why she disappeared?"

"Yes. In order to save you further trouble, I——"

"So you and Violet went off together! Where did you go? Tell me."

"O, we had a little supper, then I took her home. She was beginning to get quite violent, I assure you. When the ghost of Mary Stuart appeared, the way she tugged at my coat-sleeve has left its marks—I declare it has. It was really unnerving, Aïda. I can feel it now! But to save you any more bother, I——"

"Really, William, that is enough! I shall be having Sir James McPhee talking of saving me bother next!"

"Well, he did in a way. He shut up the Julius Cæsars, didn't he?"

"I want no more discussion. Amongst you all I am rendered utterly miserable! I try to be spiritual, but everybody else is so material-minded. The row I had with that Lady Blamey will now be life-long, and as for Sir James, I shall do everything I can to show him up for the vulgar and impossible creature he is. It's no good being lofty-minded on this earth! We deep-souled women were always misunderstood!"

He longed to suggest that she should go back to Cleopatra, but he very wisely desisted, and let her have the last word. After all, he could have the laugh out with Violet, he said, and lost no time in getting it.

Two months later, when their engagement was announced, Aïda was still much too angry with him to be on speaking terms. However, woman-like, she could not resist a marriage, and wrote her cousin and his charming *fiancée* a short note of congratulation, as little stiff as, under the circumstances, it was bound to be.

Violet flew to make it up with Mrs. Dree-Hazey.

"I'm really pleased, dear," said Aïda, "and I'm sorry if you felt hurt about Mary Queen of Scots. You see it was Muriel's Calais business that seemed to me so convincing. However, after this, I know who really was Mary."

"Who?"

"Not Lady Blamey, not Muriel, not either of the others—but you!"

"But why?"

"Because you ran off with a man," said Aïda, in a sepulchral voice. "That's more convincing than Calais, or Fotheringay, or everything else. I don't care whatever proofs the others bring up now. That was *exactly* Mary's way!"

MRS. BAILLIE-SAUNDERS.

On the Iceways of Friesland.

A Friesland skating festival

THERE is an unintentional humour about the name of Holland's north-eastern province, Friesland, judging by the conditions of life obtaining there at this time of year. In few parts of the world does King Frost exercise so popular a sway, for, in Friesland, to skate is not merely a form of sport, from life a thing apart—'tis the Friesland's whole existence. See, from these pictures, how it is enjoyed by young and old—the veteran of seventy races the friend of his childhood. Farmer Hoj (or however he spells it in Dutch) takes his wife or his mother out for a skate as though it were for a Sunday afternoon walk. And the delightful transformation frost effects on the Friesland's village "street" (which is, usually, a canal). For once only in the year does it become a street to be frequented by pedestrians—the boatman has to lie up for a while, while the

How skates are attached

Photograph of two feet, on which the skates are fixed on to the stockings (without boots). The skater travels thus for miles, carrying his sabots under his arms

The Race for Couples

Skating for septuagenarians

Start for a race between two Frieslanders, aged 74 and 70. Races for old men exclusively are by no means uncommon events in Friesland

Where King Frost is Constant

Skating down the village "street" (i.e., its frozen canal)

A scene typical of the delightful way that King Frost treats the rustics of other countries than ours. Even messenger boys, it is stated, are known to accelerate their movements under these conditions

villagers move to and fro on their business on swift skates. And note the keen delight on the faces of the row of youngsters, as they start for a glorious race along one of the frozen waterways!

To be geographical, Friesland, the locality favoured by winter in the ideal fashion here shown, is really the country of the Frisian race, which includes the provinces of Zeeland, North and South Holland, part of Utrecht, and Groningen, part of it lying within the domain of Prussia. The Dutch portion, to which our illustrations refer, has 1,200 square miles and a population of about a quarter of a million.

Elderly enthusiasm
A Friesland farmer and his wife starting for a skate

A Race for Village Boys: The start

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books to Order this Week

"The Sacrifice." By Alphonse Courlander. (Unwin: 6*s.*)

"The Amateur Emigrants." By Thomas Cobb. (Alston Rivers: 6*s.*)

"The World and Delia." By Curtis Yorke. (Long: 6*s.*)

"Israel Rank." By Roy Horniman. (Chatto and Windus: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Life's Shop Window." By Victoria Cross. (Werner Laurie: 6*s.*)

The Half-Crown Novel

The half-crown novel has, it seems, survived the ordeal of its advocacy by Mr. Hall Caine. Not only do Messrs. Chatto and Windus announce a whole series of new books by well-known authors at that homely figure, but another and a much younger firm, Messrs. Sisley, are about to try the same experiment. Everybody hopes that it will be successful in both cases, for really the six-shilling novel is no end of an absurdity, logically, from the point of view of the public. However, I doubt the immediate triumph of the half-crown novel, whatever may be its future glories The public which pays for its books is not, I imagine elastic. It is already fully located, and it has proved itself a willing and a docile public.

Who Pays 6s.?

A man purchases new novels at six shillings as he purchases cigars at one shilling, and liqueurs at sixpence per glass. I do not think that there will be any more purchasers of novels at 2*s.* 6*d.* than there would be purchasers of cognac or chartreuse at threepence the glass. In either case, the people who would avail themselves of the reduction will be the same old people as before. The man who borrows his new book from a friend, or from Mr. Mudie, or who makes a point of getting it second-hand, will continue to pursue those methods. He will be no more induced to *buy* a novel at 2*s.* 6*d.* than a confirmed beer-drinker will be induced, by cheap prices, to purchase wine. It is good that the people who buy novels should be considered in this thoughtful fashion; they will be duly grateful; but I fear it will be the poor publisher and the poor author who will pay—save, always, in the case of "boom" novels. The next work of Miss Corelli, if published at 2*s.* 6*d.* instead of 6*s.*, might add a thousand or two to the number it would attain at 6*s.* But the average novel by the average author will, I imagine, attract just the same number of purchasers as it would at the old-fashioned price, and no more—though certainly no fewer.

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

The long-lost "Raeburn" of Sir Walter Scott

Which was painted by Sir Henry Raeburn, P.R.A., in 1823, and is now in the possession of Mrs. Bishop, of 1, Paldon Avenue, Richmond, to whom it was bequeathed by a relative. 12,000 guineas is the price asked for it

An Elemental Novel

Mr. Alphonse Courlander describes his new novel, *The Sacrifice* (Unwin: 6*s.*), as a "psychological study of the elemental passions," and, portentous though it sounds, the book well justifies its description. As a study of the emotions of a peasant-girl, overwhelmed with passion for one man, while doomed, for respectability's sake, to marriage with another, it is, indeed, powerful. Mr. Courlander infects the reader with the warmth—almost voluptuous—of his descriptions, especially in the opening scene, where the heroine, Mora, a Wiltshire lassie, in the woods, meets the strange and violent sailor-fugitive, Goland, gives him food, and falls madly in love with him—with the usual "elemental" consequences. Goland disappears (he is arrested on a charge of manslaughter). Mora, though still searched to the soul with her passion for the man who has wronged her, for her honour's sake, accepts the proposal of the mild, teetotal, and religiously bent Mark, and leads, with him, for three years, the life which is not life, blessed—or otherwise—by the birth of Goland's child. Then, in time, Goland inevitably reappears. Mr. Courlander so happily plays with his theme, and so well does he fill in the intervals between the emotional happenings by clever and humorous studies of village life and character, that there is no sense of monotony. My view of the defect of Mr. Courlander's story is, possibly, what may be considered a merely inverted view of its virtue. I am sorry he has eschewed tragedy. I am vulgar enough, and old-fashioned enough when my emotions are agog over an "elemental" story, to desire my pint of blood, and there is no blood in *The Sacrifice*. I should have liked the parties to have signified their disapproval of each other "in the usual way."

The Long-lost "Raeburn" of Sir Walter Scott

A curious and interesting story is revealed by the discovery of the portrait of Sir Walter Scott, painted by Sir Henry Raeburn, P.R.A., in 1823. The picture is in the possession of Mrs. Bishop, of 1, Paldon Avenue, Richmond, and was left to her by a relative, together with some other pictures. It was, however, considered of little or no value, and was laid aside for some years. Eventually, Mrs. Bishop was induced to have the picture valued by experts, who pronounced it to be an original "Raeburn," painted in the same year as the death of the artist, and eight years before the death of Sir Walter Scott. Three replicas of the painting now exist, which are to be found in the collections, respectively, of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, the Raeburn family, and the Earl of Home, K.T., K.C.M.G.

New Novels

By a strange and scarcely expected reticence, "Lucas Cleeve" has given the world only one new novel during the past fortnight. Its name, lovers of literature will be glad to know, is *Selma* (John Long: 6*s.*). Mr. Thomas Cobb's new novel is entitled, *The Amateur Emigrants*, and deals with the experiments in the simple life of some light and frivolous young people. Mr. Cobb is quite the lightest of the non-humorous authors now before the public, and those whose literary digestion only permits them to indulge in ethereal dainties will find this the very thing for them. *The World of Delia*, by Curtis Yorke (Long: 6*s.*), is quite a well-told and eminently readable little story, in which the principal character is a very well-brought-up young lady, named Delia, who falls in love with a gentleman, *ætat* forty, and, incidentally, is brought into contact with "the world." There are, in the background, Delia's two old protecting maiden aunts, whom the author characterises with skill and humour. V. C.

A Book of Polo

The extraordinary growth in the fascinating game of polo during the past decade has called for a revised edition of Mr. T. B. Drybrough's valuable book on *Polo* (Longmans, Green: 15*s.* net), which was originally published in 1898, and has for some years been out of print. Twelve years ago, there were but two grounds in London, whereas now the game has become so popular that a fourth new ground has been laid out this winter at Ranelagh, in addition to the two at Hurlingham and the three at Roehampton, while clubs have also sprung up in the suburbs—at the Crystal Palace, Wembley Park, and Kingsbury. The author—who is, of course, a very well-known player—has added new chapters to his excellent text-polo, including an account of polo in America and the West Indies; and another interesting addition is the new section on London polo, in which Mr. Drybrough gives the results of his past ten seasons' experiences. With regard to the expenses of polo, he points out that polo, like hunting, may be done in a comparatively inexpensive manner. The volume is well illustrated with 150 photographs of all the leading players and teams. L. V. L. SIMMONDS.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Tin Boom in Cornwall: A general view of the Walcoath Mine, the deepest in the world

It is announced that an influential American syndicate has acquired several tin mines in Cornwall, and intend spending at least £1,000,000 in developing them. Central smelting works will be established, and Penzance will be used as the port for shipment. The Walcoath Mine, here illustrated, is over 3,100 feet deep

Golf Notes and Notions

Proposed Extension at Muirfield

All those who attended last year's Championship will bear me out when I say that the Muirfield greens and the general condition of the ground throughout will bear comparison with any other first-class course. Still, the committee and the club are always on the look-out for any improvement which will increase the value of their course and make it still more worthy of its place among its Championship rivals. Animated by this feeling, the committee have lately negotiated with the proprietor of Archerfield for a lease of about thirteen acres additional land at the north-east corner of the links. If the club, at its general meeting, approve the action of the committee, a sub-committee will be appointed to lay out the alterations in the holes affected by the additional ground.

The Alterations

The holes in question are the eighth, ninth, and tenth. The alterations are not difficult to explain. The wall bounding the green of the fifth hole will be taken down, and the wall running parallel to the direction of the ninth hole will be shifted further north, so as to form a continuation of the present northern boundary wall which runs as far as the fifth hole, and then turns inwards as far as the eighth green. The eighth green will be made on the new ground some fifty or sixty yards further north than the present green. This will get rid of the present cramped approach to the eighth hole, where many a good shot has been found unplayable against the wall.

The Ninth and Tenth Holes

The tee for the ninth hole will be north of the new green, and there will be no danger, as at present, of parties on the tee being hit by an approach-shot of parties playing to the eighth green. The ninth green will be at the extreme eastern corner of the new ground, the course of the hole running parallel to its present direction, but about one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards further north. This will admit of a considerable lengthening of the tenth hole, making it a full two-shot hole, under the most favourable circumstances, instead of a drive and a chip as at present. The great merit of the proposed alterations, apart from the increased length it will give to the course, is the abolition of the present rather dangerous eighth green. Many a hooked shot from the sixth tee has come whizzing round that corner just beyond the eighth green, while if you survived the dangers of the hook from the sixth tee, you were further exposed to the risks of the sliced approach as you prepared to strike off at the ninth tee. I trust, therefore, that the proposal will be confirmed by the club, and that, when we next all meet at Muirfield in 1909 for the Amateur Championship, we shall find the new holes in first-class order.

Death of T. B. Forgan

I was sincerely grieved by the news of the death of my good old friend T. B. Forgan, the head of the eminent firm of that name, who, in the old days, shared with old Tom's firm the practical monopoly of club and ball-making at St. Andrews. His was a most honourable record, both as worker in old days and as master in later years. Kindly, courteous, and obliging to his customers, Forgan never spared any trouble to satisfy the most exacting demands made upon him. I take this opportunity of tendering my deep sympathy to his family and friends in their great loss.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

Photo *M. Dixon*

The Muirfield Golf Course: A general view of the links

Golfers will be pleased to hear of the proposed extension of the Muirfield Course by the addition of thirteen acres in the north-east corner of the links, whereby the conditions of play for the eighth, ninth, and tenth holes will be considerably improved

Games and Pastimes

The 'Varsity Crews

Practice for the 'Varsity Boat Race—which appears to have been more or less definitely fixed for March 16—is in full swing. Cambridge are in the happy position of having four Old Blues available, B. C. Johnstone, E. W. Powell, D. C. Stuart, and H. M. Goldsmith—all fine oarsmen—in addition to A. C. Close-Brooks and H. G. Baynes, who rowed against Harvard last September. Of the rest, the two who seem to have the best chance of being finally selected are F. G. Hudson (Jesus) and J. S. Burn (First Trinity), both of whom have distinguished themselves at Henley, as well as in the trials. Other men who have been tried are O. Shimwell (Trinity Hall), F. H. Jerwood (Jesus), and G. L. Thompson (Trinity Hall). F. J. Escombe is coaching at present, and, even at this early stage of the proceedings, it is pretty safe to predict that they will train on into a very warm crew. In the case of Oxford, the fact that several Old Blues are available does not count for so much as at Cambridge, because Oxford were pretty badly beaten last year. However, four of last year's crew, A. C. Gladstone, A. G. Kirby, J. Dewar, H. C. Bucknall, and the spare man, E. H. Southwell, have been out pretty regularly, and for the three remaining places, W. T. Heard (Baliol), R. M. Peat (Trinity), and J. A. Gillan (Magdalen)—all Scotsmen, by the way—seem the most likely candidates, while G. E. Hope (Christchurch), the winner of the 'Varsity Sculls, C. R. Cudmore (Magdalen), and H. R. Barker (Christchurch), have also been tried. Harcourt Gold is in charge, and the prevailing opinion at Oxford is that the crew is shaping far better than was expected.

Football in the Fog

There was plenty of good football knocking about on Saturday, but the fog prevented much of it from being visible to onlookers. The time-honoured matches between Blackheath and Richmond still have their faithful band of followers, though admittedly not as absorbing as they used to be when both clubs were right at the top of the Metropolitan Rugger tree, and evenly matched. The most noteworthy feature of Saturday's match was the collapse of Richmond in the second half, after they had, with the aid of their two latest 'Varsity importations, Hearson and Batchelor, established a lead at half-time of 2 tries to nil. B. A. Hill, the Blackheath captain, came out strong as a goal-kicker, and converted four out of the five tries which his side ultimately gained. Perhaps the most remarkable result was the defeat of the Harlequins by "the Park," who made several changes in their team (whether from choice or from necessity I do not know), with obviously satisfactory results. The losers were unlucky in having both Stoop and Ward injured, but not before Rosslyn Park had established a lead of a goal and a try. In the provinces, Newport and Cardiff both had all their work cut out to beat Devonport Albion and Bristol respectively. At Bristol, Cardiff were only leading by 2 tries to 1 when the game was stopped, eight minutes before time, through darkness; while at Devonport, the Albion were only one point down at the finish—a goal to 2 tries. It looks as if that suggested International experiment, an exclusively Western team—or, at any rate, an exclusively Western pack—has *got* to be tried. At any rate, the Westerners won't be happy till they get it.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Preparing for the Boat Race: Harcourt Gold, the Oxford coach, takes Peat and Heard out in the gig pair

Practice for the 'Varsity Boat Race, which will probably be rowed on March 16, is in full swing. Cambridge has four Old Blue's available, besides two men who rowed against Harvard in September, while Oxford are trying four of last year's crew, and E. H. Southwell, the spare man

The Late Alfred Shaw

Close upon the death of W. W. Read has occurred that of another great cricketer, Alfred Shaw, and of the two it must be conceded that Shaw was the greater, for to every ten great batsmen there is certainly not more than one great slow bowler. Born in 1842, within about five miles of the town of Nottingham, Shaw was sixty-five years of age when he died. His cricket career began in 1862, and two years later he made his first appearance at Lord's along with William Oscroft. His last match in first-class cricket was Sussex *v.* Middlesex in 1895. As a bowler, he did not believe much in making the ball break a great deal; he usually aimed at making it do just enough to beat the bat, and his *forte* lay in his ability to bowl different sorts of balls without any apparent change of action.

Cup-Tie Fever

No one holds a very high opinion of a certain Pharisee who, when he prayed, thanked his Creator that he was not as other men. And yet, when I see, and read of, the huge crowds that "follow" professional Association football matches, I cannot help feeling rather like that Pharisee. The Association Cup-ties are once more with us, and the thirteen drawn games which were the outcome of the first round of the Competition proper, were replayed last week, while four further replays were down for decision on Monday. What astonishes me is that thousands of intelligent men attend these games year after year, and can talk of little else in their spare time, under the mistaken impression that they are keen followers of sport in one of its many forms. For what sport can there be in a series of shows which are dominated entirely by questions of £ *s. d.*? To begin with, the professional clubs (so called) are not clubs at all. They consist of troupes of performers, managed by adroit showmen, who take care to get together the best troupe that their means will admit of. What sport is there in the spectacle of a rich club, which can afford to pay for the best talent, beating one that can only afford the second or third best? Then, to come to the Cup Competition itself, when the draw for the various rounds is made, one club or the other in each tie has choice of ground; but that choice can be sold, and so it is quite open for any club which has not the choice, to buy it from its opponent which has it, provided that terms can be arranged which are mutually satisfactory to both parties from a business point of view. Again, there are advantages attaching to a drawn game; it means that the match has to be replayed, and that another "gate" will therefore be forthcoming; and this, too, can be made the subject of arrangement, if an arrangement is necessary. But this is not always the case. If one of two competing teams is admittedly the stronger, and can be practically certain of winning whenever it likes, it can safely present its opponents with a draw and defer the inevitable beating until the replay, thereby securing a double haul of gate-money. I have already said that thirteen of the ties in the first round of the current Competition produced drawn games, and, if I remember rightly, there were about the same number last year. It is possible that every one of these results was a *bonâ fide* one; but, when you come to think about it, it is equally possible that some of them were not. And if it is possible to buy the choice of ground, and to buy, or otherwise arrange, a draw, it is clearly equally possible to buy a win. This, of course, would have to be done more circumspectly, because there are limits even to the credulity of the British sportsman, and, as soon as he really recognised that he was being humbugged, there would be a pretty considerable howl. But business is business, and the astute business-man is he who runs risks without being hit by them. The possibility of the thing is there all the time. And yet, year after year and week after week, we are confronted with the spectacle of a very considerable portion of John Bull's large family planking down their sixpences, and shouting themselves hoarse, over shows in which their own blind devotion to sport alone prevents them from seeing, or suspecting, any unreality. To my mind, it is positively pathetic. One has only to glance through Messrs. Gallaher and Stead's book to see what the New Zealanders think of it.

The F.A. Cup-Ties: Chelsea v. Lincoln City, replayed last Wednesday
A punch out by the Lincoln goalkeeper from a corner kick

Winter Effects

We have had plenty of opportunities lately of studying winter effects, a matter which should always be kept in view when planting is done. A well-grown oak is the finest of all trees when leafless, and when it is relieved by a broad background of evergreens, it is one of the most beautiful objects in nature, whether it stands up black against the sky, or whether the bole and branches are whitened on their weather side by frost or snow. Another tree that associates admirably with evergreens is the birch. "Notice," says an American writer, "the striking effect of the delicate gleaming white stems placed here and there directly against the dark background of evergreens, and surrounded, perhaps, by fields of snow and ice. See how the contrast brightens the whole scene, and how curiously the white trunks and graceful drooping branches bear snow wreaths or icicles, each in its own characteristic way. A solid background of evergreens presents much variety of rich colour, blue, green, and silver, but the whole effect is, as it were, punctuated by these white birches." Even with deciduous trees, however, there is no need to confine the colour-scheme to black and white. Among the willows we find several which are charming for winter effect—the golden willow (*Salix vitellina*), with yellow twigs, the violet willow (*S. daphnoides*), with dark blue, and the purple osier (*S. purpurea*), with purple, to name but a few. Then there is the red-stemmed dogwood (*Cornus sanguinea*), with which may be combined the golden-barked linden (*Tilia dasystyla*).

Photo *J. T. Newman*

Queen Victoria's Oak at Ashridge House

A fine winter effect of a leafless oak, relieved by a background of evergreens, standing out against the sky

Evergreens

Still, with deciduous trees alone, the grounds must look bare and bleak in winter, and it is by means of evergreens that the most delightful effects are produced—after long years, for most of them are slow of growth. The difficulty is not to find any that are suitable for the purpose—the number is so great—but to select the best. The pines are a host in themselves, but are not easy to establish. One of the best for shrubberies or the borders of large grounds is the dwarf mugho pine, which forms a dense spreading bush. There are several varieties with foliage of different tints. Both the Swiss stone pine and the Bhotan pine are striking objects in winter, and for those who prefer more symmetrical form there is the very handsome Japanese umbrella pine. For these and other pines, the retinosporas make a beautiful setting.

RUSTICUS.

Photo] **The Latest Millinery Decoration: Sorting seaweed for hat-trimming** [*Clarke and Hyde*

The seaweed is collected on the beach of the Isle of Grain, in the Nore, and when it has been carefully picked and dressed it is sold at about sixpence a pound to the hat manufacturers, who dye it to the required shades. Among the well-known people who have patronised this form of trimming is Queen Alexandra

RACING NOTIONS

THE BETTING QUESTION. BY "CARBINE"

The Return to the Charge

While the recently passed measure relating to street-betting was engaging the attention of the Commons, objection to the Bill was made in these columns, not because we entertained the slightest sympathy with the street bookmaker, but because we disliked the meddling of the Puritanical folk, who promoted the Bill, with racing affairs. We hoped it would not become law, because we knew, and we said so at the time, that this was only the thin end of the wedge; that, having got the preliminary measure safely through, the anti-gambling brigade would immediately return to the charge and institute a new and more important attack upon the Turf. All this has come to pass. The Bill has developed into a full-blown Act, and now fresh measures are to be brought forward which, among other things, seek to prevent the publication of the odds in the papers. It is also contemplated to render it illegal to utilise the sixpenny telegram as a means of making one's bets. The new proposals are only another step in the campaign. Presuming these are passed—and with a favourable Government everything is possible—is it to be supposed for one brief moment that the anti-gamblers will rest content? Not they.

The Ultimate Object

Their ultimate goal is the suppression of all betting. A tall order, you will say. Undoubtedly. But these ultra-Puritans have got it into their heads that they are going to achieve their ambitious scheme. And they will do so, unless they meet with a great deal more opposition than was brought to bear against them in the street-betting business. I do not think there would be any real danger if the more influential body of racegoers—I refer to the best owners and the members of the Jockey Club—were to bestir themselves against the anti-gambling agitators. But so long as the present lethargy continues in the racing world, so long will the very existence of racing be threatened. What racing people will have to do is to make this a personal matter. They must bring pressure to bear on their present representatives in the Commons. They must be firm and undeviating at the next elections, and also at the intervening by-elections, so that they may avoid the mistake of voting for the men who are avowedly antagonistic to racing. Moreover, the Jockey Club will have, sooner or later, to recognise betting. Their attitude in the matter is at present simply ridiculous, and constitutes an aid rather than a drawback to the programme of the Anti-Gambling League.

The Turf and the Unco' Guid

Whether the Turf would last for long in this country were all wagering to be strictly prohibited by law is an open question. But that, of course, is a matter of no moment to the unco' guid. What do they care if the supremacy of the English thoroughbred horse is lost for ever? That would not trouble them a bit, so long as they succeeded in their endeavour to destroy other people's amusement. Sir Walter Gilbey advocates the introduction of the *pari-mutuel* as a way out of the difficulties. The percentage of the profits which is devoted to breeders is a great attraction to him, and I admit that it has its advantageous side. But my experience in France of the machine is that, while it tends to decrease betting among wealthy people, it enormously encourages gambling among the masses. This, I take it, is not the object of the Chadbands and Stigginses here. And since the *mutuel* is unpopular abroad with owners and people who go racing regularly, I fail to perceive the likelihood of its adoption here.

The Breakdown of Hackwatch

The breakdown of this good steeplechaser, just when people were discussing his prospects for the Grand National, is particularly unfortunate. High-class jumpers of the stamp of Hackwatch are not so numerous that we can lose them without regret, though I expect the owners of other Grand National candidates will not be sorry at the removal of so formidable an antagonist. No light of this coming event was cast by last week's racing, which will be chiefly memorable for what may be called the Jenkinstown episode. On Monday, the horse was out merely for an airing, and, though well-backed by the public, finished "down the course." On Thursday, he was brought out again, and though not backed this time, he ran like a new horse, winning his race in good style. Then ensued an angry demonstration by the public, and judging the matter from their standpoint, one fully appreciates their annoyance and disgust.

Kempton Park Prospects

At Kempton Park on Friday, we are sure to see some of the Grand National horses in the Paddock Steeplechase, and I anticipate the success of **Old Fairyhouse.** But the most exciting race of the day will probably be the Middlesex Hurdle Race, and if Roseate Dawn should be brought out against the marvellous Cinders, the contest will be indeed worth seeing. Then there are other good-class candidates like Spate, Snow Glory, Rayon, Cherry Ripe, Mixed Dance, Kilglass, Round Dance, and Merry Moment. Roseate Dawn, however, is as yet an unknown quality over hurdles, and it seems the safest policy to trust to **Cinders.** On Saturday, we have the Coventry Handicap Steeplechase, and either of the top-weights, John M.P. and Desert Chief, would win if in his best form, but I doubt whether their visit to America will have improved them, and I think **Oatlands** will score.

TREATISE ON OPTIONS

Mr. Arthur Crump, late City Editor of the *Times*, described "Options" as "the most scientific and prudent way of operating on the Stock Exchange." This system of operating, although well known and very popular on the Continent and in America, is not so well known amongst Investors here as its merits justify. We have just published a new Treatise on this subject which will be sent post free on application to THE SECRETARY,

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the greatest part of the world's finest music had already been written. But it did not matter much to you then that Beethoven, Bach, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Mozart, etc., etc., had given to the world their many compositions, for you had little opportunity of hearing all their great masterpieces—much less of playing them yourself.

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Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

The Trade and the Brooklands Track

Although a great deal is being published in the papers regarding the Brooklands track, and in spite of the fact that from the various newspaper comments it seems to be regarded as a perfect godsend for the motoring fraternity, it must not be overlooked that as yet there has been a rather remarkable silence on the merits of this track on the part of the motor trade. Whether the enthusiasm of manufacturers approaches to any extent that of the Press, and whether they will support this Club, remains to be seen, but it must not be forgotten that track racing is very different from road racing, and the establishment of a track will entail on the manufacturers the construction of special cars. One important manufacturer at least, Messrs. Renault, have given their opinion of track racing in *Motoring Illustrated*, which is to the effect that a track race offers little interest to the public, on account of the tameness of the course, and that while it encourages the development of a special type of car, it is not likely to improve the ordinary type. Nor can any achievement on such a track, such as a long non-stop run, be evidence that the same car would accomplish favourable results on the road. I should be very glad to have the opinion of motor manufacturers on the prospects of the track, as it is a matter that is well worth discussion.

* * *

Marylebone Bunglers

The Marylebone Borough Council has, as all motorists know, an unenviable reputation for the manner in which it maintains its highways and roads. The latest action of this precious and reactionary public body is to spend money in the erection of electric standards in Oxford Street, between the Marble Arch and Oxford Circus. These electric standards in the middle of the road have long ago been recognised everywhere else as a source of danger, and a great cause of obstruction. They have been condemned by the Royal Commission on London Traffic. Other districts which have formerly erected them have now seen the error of their ways, and have removed them; and only recently the St. Pancras Borough Council have had the considerable expense of taking down the standards which obstructed the Marylebone Road, between Portland Road Station and Tottenham Court Road. These Marylebone bunglers, however, are unable to realise this, and, unfortunately, there is no power to force the Council to realise their ineptitude. The Roads Improvement Association placed the matter before the Local Government Board, but the Local Government Board state they have no *locus standi* in the matter. When, oh! when, shall we see a permanent traffic commission for the Metropolitan area established on the lines recommended by the Royal Commission? At present, there are over ninety independent Metropolitan districts. Chaos and division reign supreme, and as traffic problems increase there is no hope for righting them until one central authority is established that understands the intricate subject of traffic.

* * *

Six-Cylinder v. Four-Cylinder

Mr. S. F. Edge is reading a paper at the Automobile Club on February 7, on the merits of the six-cylinder engine compared with the four-cylinder.

Photo] **Motoring Costumes on the Stage: A scene in "Nelly Neil"** *[Dover Street Studios*

The arrival (by motor) of Billy at Simplicity Farm, Hampstead

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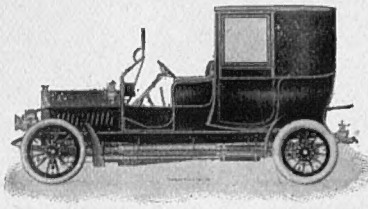

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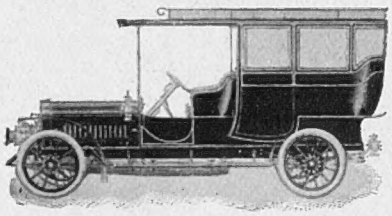

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STILL TO THE FRONT.

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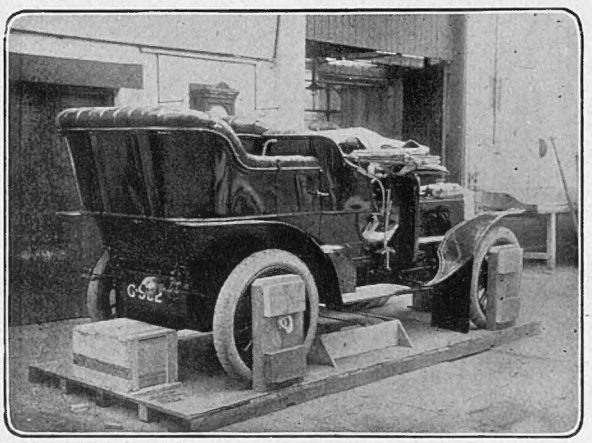
A.J.W.

Motorists are divided into two camps, those who believe in six-cylinders and those who do not, and the discussion by Mr. Edge is sure to be very interesting and instructive. That the six-cylinder has caught on there can be no manner of doubt, for since they started, a year ago, no less than 104 manufacturers are making a six-cylinder engine. On the other hand, some few that started the six-cylinder have soon dropped it again, and it is curious to note in this connection that some large manufacturers, whose success in four-cylinder engines is unquestioned, have failed completely to make a six-cylinder. It will be remembered that, some time back, Mr. Edge threw out a £1,000 challenge to any



For Foreign Shipment: The initial stage

Showing how the crate is built up around a Daimler car to facilitate its transmission to purchasers abroad

four-cylinder car which could equal the six-cylinder Napier. It must not be forgotten, in spite of the present popularity of the six-cylinder, that it has yet to be proved if, all other conditions being equal, a six-cylinder engine has any pronounced advantage over a four-cylinder of equal capacity, and a match on such lines would be interesting and instructive. The points upon which the cars would be judged would be: Speed in hill-climbing, economy in fuel consumption, absence of vibration, continuity of torque, silence, and perfect combustion.

* * *

The Woes of a Car Hirer Abroad

A very interesting story of the woes experienced abroad in hiring a car is dealt with very fully in this week's *Truth*. Mr. Alfred Farquhar, a member of the well-known banking firm, some months ago was travelling in North Italy with a friend, and hired a motor-car. The price agreed for a tour of 1,000 kilomètres was £83 14*s*., and a pretty good charge too. Mr. Farquhar was compelled to pay the whole amount in advance. From the very first the car, driven by a chauffeur supplied by a firm calling itself the British Motor-Car Company, an alias of an individual, Strina, became addicted to a continual series of break-downs. Wherever they went—and, of course, in most inconvenient places—it broke down. In the end, Mr. Farquhar and his friend continued their journey by rail; and, finally, between Brescia and Como, the unfortunate hirers had to complete their journey on foot.

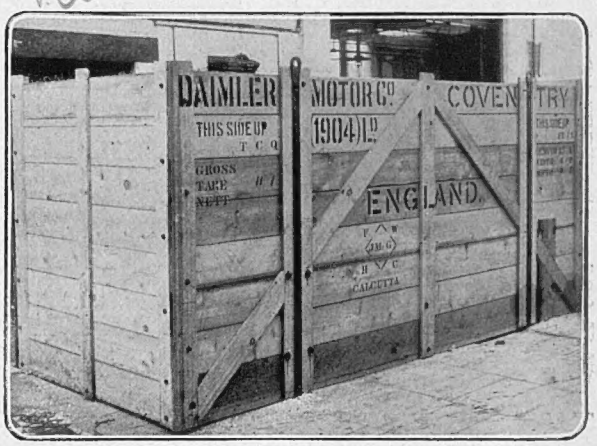
A Warning to Others

Having paid in the first instance an exorbitant charge, and having since advanced a further 150 francs to the chauffeur for the various repairs, the annoyance and inconvenience experienced by Mr. Farquhar and his friend may well be imagined. They abandoned the tour, but to their surprise Mr. Strina not only repudiated Mr. Farquhar's claim for out-of-pocket expenses for repairs, but preferred an additional charge, for some reason, in respect to the whole transaction. After various meetings it was agreed to settle the dispute by arbitration to a nominee of the Automobile Club of Milan. Imagine the surprise of Mr. Farquhar and his friend to find that, after the whole matter had been laid before him, the arbitrator concluded that "liberal treatment should be extended to Mr. Farquhar, all the more so on account of his being a stranger, and that Mr. Strina should content himself—(mark the words, 'content himself')—with the £83 odd already received." No motorist should hire a car abroad unless he is well acquainted with the lessees. Nor should he pay in advance. Surely arrangements could be made by which the sum should be deposited either with the local Automobile Club or the Consul.

* * *

Miscellanea

I very much regret this week that I am unable to publish a Car-icature, but next week I shall hope to continue the series.—Motor companies with an aggregate capital of 8½ millions sterling were floated in 1906, according to *Motoring Illustrated*.—Messrs.



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The substantial crate effectively prevents the car being damaged before it reaches its owner on the other side of the world

Du Cros, sole agents for the Mercédès car for Great Britain and Ireland, request us to give publicity to the fact that the Mercédès Electric and Mercédès Mixte cars which are now on the market have no connection whatever with the famous petrol cars of the Mercédès Company.—The Argyll Company have just supplied the *Glasgow Evening News* with seven 10-12 h.-p. Argyll cars to be used as delivery vans.—Our illustrations on this page show the Daimler's system of packing for foreign shipment, which ought to convince any foreign buyers that in purchasing Daimler cars every possible care is taken.

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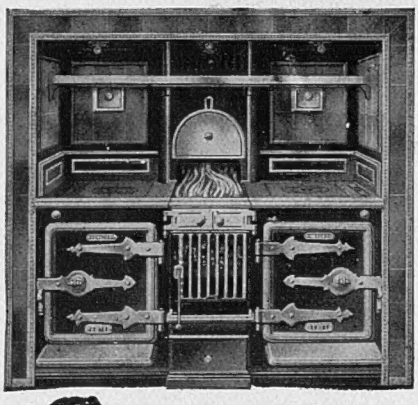

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FROCKS ◇ FRILLS ◇ AND FURBELOWS ◇

By Mrs. JACK MAY

As I write, we are suffocating in furs, with the same calm courage as induces us to shiver in muslins, because tradition has ordained we shall don such airy, fairy attire during August. Talking of tradition reminds me, I have a mission to attack yet another cherished delusion—that everything abroad is better than we can get at home, this applying in a very particular degree to all culinary matters.

Travelling back to Town on the Bradford and Leeds' Midland express the other Sunday evening, third class, it occurred to me to dine; and a better cooked, better served, and altogether more truly admirable repast one need not wish to enjoy. The "menu" comprised: Mock turtle soup (excellent), cod and oyster sauce, roast beef and vegetables, pheasant—perfection in every way, and served with a salad that was a dream; the meal concluding with a sweet, cheese, biscuit, and celery, all of the most attractive character, and 3*s*. covered the entire cost.

Drykitt, 369, Oxford Street

Have I, perchance, proffered the remark before in these columns that we are living through the age of bluff? Well! anyway, it is an incontrovertible fact that we are; and foremost among those to convince us of the truth is the motoring house of Drykitt. Their entrance into the arena was marked by a fixed determination to enforce the value of quality. Motoring is distinctly not a pursuit for brown-paper garments, the inexperienced, nevertheless, frequently being mislead by appearances; observing which, Messrs. Drykitt very speedily set about acquiring a reputation for combining the elements of smartness and sense. Their leather coats are absolutely unequalled, and are extraordinarily light of weight, only the very best quality of skins being used and worked, as illustrated in the accompanying sketch, the waved stitched strappings illustrating the depth of the skins used, a *mouvement* repeated in the yoke. Then a further feature of the design is the ingenious shaping of the rever collar, which enables it to be worn, as shown in small inset, for stormy weather, yet when thrown back, there is absolutely nothing to mar the symmetry of the regulation step collar and rever, as is clearly demonstrated in the full-length figure.

Although ostensibly a sacque, there is quite an appreciable amount of shapeliness introduced. In fact, this is one of the few practical sacques I have seen that goes to the figure without the aid of a band, although the latter accessory is frequently added.

The cap sketched is a corduroy fancy of Drykitt's, that boasts the merit of lightness, while the shape is rather smaller, more compact, and altogether more practical than the ordinary millinery creation, the latter a truly hideous and wholly unpractical piece of headgear, and no more fitted for motoring, with its tendency to respond to every unexpected gust of wind, than is an airy, fairy confection of tulle.

The latest aspect of the leather coat, seen at Drykitt's

(Sketched at 369, Oxford Street by Dorothy Millar)

And these, the leather coat and corduroy cap, are but two items out of the highly representative show at 369, Oxford Street, where such is the keenness that, rather than there shall be failure to please in any one small particular, garments are taken back and put into stock. Which reminds me that, although the chief work turned out here is to special measurement, a certain limited ready-made stock is kept for the convenience of birds of passage. Speaking from some long experience, I have no hesitation in saying that Messrs. Drykitt have secured a thoroughly justifiable reputation, every evidence going further to show a fixed resolve—that it shall be fully maintained.

A Dancing Frock

Schools are about to commence again, and the